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THE  
IMAGERY  
OF  
FOREIGN TRAVEL;

OR,

*Descriptive Extracts*

FROM SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS IN

EGYPT, INDIA,

&c. &c. &c.



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SELECTED AND REPUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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## PREFACE.

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THE contents of this volume are selected from Travels and Recollections published many years ago. The light works from which these selections have been made were received with great kindness by the Public, and obtained for a time a very general circulation; it is hoped, therefore, that for these Extracts some favour may still be found.

The journey to and from India is now so commonly made by the overland route of Egypt, that a familiar description of the more remarkable places in those countries by the same pen, in one portable volume, may be acceptable to many.

The passages selected are descriptive only of scenes which may be viewed, at this hour, just as they appeared to the writer, and which may probably still affect many a traveller with the same emotions which he experienced. These sketches are indeed but the common gatherings of a common life, such as have been made by many hundreds of quiet travellers, without enterprize and without adventure, and such as will assuredly be made in time to come by as many thousands,—a most pleasant thought this for him who knows how deep the delight and how great the advantage of having looked upon foreign and remote countries with his own eyes.

He that can summon up at will the imagery of many paths of creation, and of many families of mankind, especially of those where manners the most ancient

and customs the most primitive still obtain, can never want materials for thought, and, I may well add, for thanksgiving. For him the light of living illustration has been poured upon the inspired history of man, and he reads the sacred pages of his Bible with a richly illumined commentary, which has been presented to his faithful sight.

Opportunities of travel, rightly used as they occur, provide a delicious store of reflection for the day of retirement, and prove a pure source of calm delight to every rational mind.

“There is no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty;” at such an age it will be often found, that he who, among the great roads of human life, has chosen the military, (if he have not thrown “two sixes,”) does gladly strike into a private path, court nature, and become enamoured of quiet. Here,

if he has seen much of the world, he may enjoy a kind of poetical omnipresence.

Scattered in the nooks and corners of Old England are many hundreds of retired regimental officers, who turn over in their memories the gathered imagery of by-gone days, and discover that their campaigns and wanderings have left them the goodly treasure of an innocent and inexhaustible recreation.

In addition to the more copious extracts from the Notes on India and Egypt, a few are given descriptive of scenes in Italy, Germany, Spain, and Portugal, and in the last division two or three military pictures, which still retain a natural place in the affections of the Author.

To the young of the present day these pages will be in a certain sense new,—for the volumes from which they are

taken were published between the years 1822—26.

In these active days, when the facilities of communication between distant countries are so great, various, and safe, no one with inclination, health, leisure, and a moderately furnished purse, need be prevented from visiting any of the scenes here described. If only a dozen of travellers (not connected in any way with the Indian services or Indian establishments) should be induced to go and look upon our Indian empire for themselves, this little Book shall not be without fruit, for it shall have furnished hints for wiser and better men.

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**I N D I A.**

**B**



## INDIA.

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“ It was in the faint dawn of morning that we first made the dark and beautifully broken outline of hill and mountain, which Ceylon presented as we bore up for it.

“ The scene, ever changing, in tint and colouring, as the sun slowly and grandly rose, was at length fully illumined.

“ Tufted wood and thick jungle of bright verdure clothed all the hills, the feathery cocoanuts and tall palms girded the yellow beach, and all silently proclaimed a path of creation new to me, and the abode of a family of mankind which I had never seen.

“ We coasted in sight of the island throughout the day; the eye, assisted by the glass, now straining itself to discern some object of

interest, such as a hut, a boat, or group of natives, now reposing on the magnificent whole.

“ In the evening a rudely constructed canoe came off to us. It was simply the trunk of a tree hollowed and cut square, not unlike an English horse-trough. A large log of wood was thrown out to windward by long bamboos, to prevent its upsetting when under sail. Four natives, with rags round their heads and loins, filled this crazy-looking bark. They were short, and, with one exception, slender ; their complexions different, from black to light tawny. They looked cunning and lively, jabbered fast and loud, and of course unintelligibly to most of us ; laughed at every trick the light-hearted cadets practised upon them ; and after disposing of their little cargo of cocoa-nuts for one hundred times its value, hoisted their sail of matting, and left us,”

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“ Our vessel dropped anchor in Madras Roads, after a fine run of three months and ten days from the Motherbank.—How changed the

scene! how great the contrast!—Ryde, and its little snug dwellings, with slated or thatched roofs, its neat gardens, its green and sloping shores—Madras and its naked fort, noble-looking buildings, tall columns, lofty verandahs, and terraced roofs. The city large and crowded, on a flat site; a low sandy beach, and a foaming surf.

“The roadstead there, alive with beautiful yachts, light wherries, and tight-built fishing-barks. Here, black, shapeless Massoolah boats, with their naked crews singing the same wild (yet not unpleasing) air, to which, for ages, the dangerous surf they fearlessly ply over has been rudely responsive.

“Here, too, all around, you see figures or small groups of two and three, who seem to stand, walk, or sit upon the water without support; for the least swell conceals their catamarans, small rafts on which they go out to fish, carry fruit, letters, or messages to the shipping, and, indeed, will venture forth in all weathers.

“The imposing air of costliness and grandeur about Madras, from the size, whiteness,

and polish of the public buildings, is much diminished as you approach the landing place.

“When the surf has violently lodged you high and dry on the beach, you find yourself immediately surrounded by crowds so diversified in costume, complexion, and feature; so strange are the voices of a new people, and the sounds of unknown tongues; so deafening the surge continually breaking near you, that to single out figures from such a scene, under such circumstances, is almost impossible, and you feel it quite a relief to hurry from the spot. I landed with troops in the afternoon, and marched from the beach to a station or dépôt, thirteen miles inland. For three miles we moved along, amid a curious talking crowd perpetually changing. We followed a fine broad road with avenues of trees; passed the fort; and half a mile beyond it passed continually, for a long distance, gateways leading to large garden-houses in spacious compounds, until at length we left the signs of the presidency behind us. With the exception of a few followers, in employ, or seeking it, the crowds dropped

off, and we pursued our march unmolested. No,—I shall never forget the sweet and strange sensations which, as I went peacefully forward, the new objects in nature excited in my bosom. The rich, broad-leaved plaintain; the gracefully drooping bamboo; the cocoa-nut, with that mat-like looking binding for every branch; the branches themselves waving with a feathery motion in the wind; the bare lofty trunk and fan-leaf of the tall palm; the slender and elegant stem of the areca; the large aloes; the prickly pear; the stately banian with drop-branches, here fibrous and pliant, there strong and columnar, supporting its giant arms, and forming around the parent stem a grove of beauty; and among these wonders, birds, all strange in plumage and in note, save the parroquet, (at home, the lady's petbird in a gilded cage,) here spreading his bright green wings in happy fearless flight, and giving his natural and untaught scream. These, and more than I can name, were the novelties we looked upon. My dream of anticipation realised gave me a delight which found no expression in words.

I felt grateful that I had been led and permitted to see India; I wondered at my own ignorance, and at the poverty of my imagination when I reflected how much the realities around me differed from what my fancy had painted them. How some things surpassed, and some fell short of my foolish expectations; and yet how natural, how easy all appeared! All so fitted and adapted by the hand of the bountiful and wise Creator, that other than they were they had deformed, instead of decking, the face of nature."

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"There is a group of native women returning to their houses with water: they are of a common class; but observe their simple dress, erect carriage, and admirable walk. One piece of cloth wrapped twice round their loins in its breadth, and passing in its length upwards over the bosom, is either disposed mantle-like to cover the head, or thrown gracefully across the left shoulder, and brought under the right arm to the middle. Their shining hair is neatly rolled



up into a knot at the back of the head ; and is occasionally ornamented with little chaplets of pale yellow flowers. The vessels which some carry on the head, some on the hip, are of brass or clay ; but ancient, and urn-like in their form.

“ This low, curiously carved car, with a white canopy, and cream-coloured bullocks, having their horns ornamentally tipped with wrought brass, collars with bells, and crimson body-clothes, is the conveyance of some native merchant, or shroff.”

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“ As you pass along this bazaar, you see exposed for sale under mean tile-covered verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, all such articles of food, clothing, use or ornament, as there is a common demand for among the Moors at Madras. But, from the general poverty of this class, you meet with no display of costly goods or delicacies ;—all sorts of rice, grain, pulse, vegetables, spices, fruits, and coarse sweetmeats ;—shops filled with cloths,

silks, shawls, and tissue of common quality;—others with lace, embroidery, and tinsel;—others with slippers of leather or cloth, more or less showy in colour and ornaments;—others with all sorts of women's "joys" or ornaments, such as ear-rings, nose-jewels, armlets, anklets, and silver zones;—some with small carpets of different patterns;—others with horse furniture of cotton, silk, or embroidery;—some with brazen vessels for cooking and drinking;—others with hookah bottoms, &c. Such is the common display of goods in an Indian bazaar. Moreover, the different workmen ply their trades in the open air."

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"Marching in this country is certainly pleasant, although perhaps you rise too early for comfort. An hour before day-break you mount your horse; and, travelling at an easy pace, reach your ground before the sun has any power; and find a small tent pitched with breakfast ready on the table. Your large tent follows with couch and baggage, carried by

bullocks and coolies; and before nine o'clock, you may be washed, dressed, and employed with your books, pen, or pencil. Mats, made of the fragrant roots of the Cuscus grass, are hung before the doors of your tent to windward, and being constantly wetted, admit, during the hottest winds, a cool refreshing air.

“ Three o'clock is the common hour of dinner on the march; and in the evening you ride, or stroll out on foot, as inclination leads. If your habits are those of a sportsman, and you are provided with dogs, gun, and hog-spear, you will be almost sure to find amusement morning and evening.

“ The man of tamer habits looks round and finds great and continual enjoyment in contemplating scenes, and people, and a world so new to him.

“ While our forefathers were clad in wolf-skin, dwelt in caverns, and lived upon the produce of the chase, the Hindoo lived as now; — as now, his princes were clothed in soft raiment, wore jewelled turbans, and dwelt in palaces.—

As now, his haughty half-naked priests received his offerings in temples of hewn and sculptured granite, and summoned him to rites as absurd, but yet more splendid and debauching than the present. His cottage, garments, household utensils, and implements of husbandry or labour, the same as now. Then, too, he watered the ground with his foot by means of a plank balanced transversely on a lofty pole, or drew from the deep bowerie\* by the labour of his oxen, in large bags of leather, supplies of water to flow through the little channels by which their fields and gardens are intersected. His children were then taught to shape letters in the sand, and to write, and keep accounts on the dried leaves of the palm by the village schoolmaster. His wife ground corn at the same mill, or pounded it in a rude mortar with her neighbour. He could make purchases in a regular bazaar, change coins at a money changer's, or borrow it at usury, for the expences of a wedding or festival. In short, all

\* A well.

that the traveller sees around him, of social or civilized life, of useful invention or luxurious refinement, is of yet higher antiquity than the days of Alexander the Great. So that, in fact, the eye of the British officer looks upon the same forms and dresses, the same buildings, manners, and customs, on which the Macedonian troops gazed with the same astonishment."

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"Allowing for difference in the face of the country, and also in the sites of them, Indian villages much resemble each other. Those in the plain open country, in addition to their mud wall, and their heavy gates of wood studded with iron knobs, have a small fort or ghurry, more carefully built of mud, or else of brick and often stone, according to the wealth or importance of them. These sort of defences throughout the company's territories have universally fallen to decay.

"The ryots, or cultivators, are almost always Hindoos. If the village be large and rich, you

see numbers of sleek-looking, indolent Brahmins. All business, in places of any trade, is transacted by men of the Bhyse or Banian cast, who are shroffs, merchants, shopkeepers, and clerks: these classes generally wear vests of muslin, cotton, or silk, large loin cloths, and good turbans. The ryots, who are of the Soodra cast, wear very small cloths round the middle, and coarse turbans. You find the Chehteree, or fighting-cast, dressed according to their means, with vest, turban, and sash, or with Brahmin-like loin cloths; and they will labour on their own land when not on military service.

“The poor chandalah, or outcast, is more highly privileged in the sight of the Christian than any of them. His idolatry, like ours, must be that of a bewildered fancy, or perverse heart; for he dare not enter a temple, touch an altar, or offer devotion to any of their idols. All of them, however, do follow some superstition, and, as the natural consequence of their degraded state, their worship has the character of the most slavish fear. Almost all their offerings and sacrifices are made to evil spirits; some

shapeless stone, or a lump of sun-baked mud, which they paint and anoint, represents the Being whom they dread. Their fasts and festivals are held in the wild and pathless jungle, where they see not the finger of the scorner, and hear neither the curse of the Brahmin, nor the laugh of the Moor. In sorrow and in the sweat of their faces do these men eat of the ground all the days of their life. With them the heart is sad and hopeless, the mind dark; and to them the shadowed images of the invisible world are all terrific. These unfortunates feel that they are fallen creatures, which is the first, most difficult, and most bitter lesson for the Christian convert.

“In the villages, their cottages, though built of mud, are many of them exceedingly neat and clean. In front, they have wide seats of hardened clay raised two or three feet from the ground, with or without small verandahs. The roofs of this first class of cottage are flat; and the walls inside and out are painted, or rather daubed with white and red alternately in broad longitudinal stripes. The owners also, if of

high cast, mark the seat and the ground near the door with stripes of the ashes of cow-dung fresh laid on every morning. On these no man of lower cast dare tread.

“You often, at break of day, see a female of the family with cow-dung and water laying down these lines, and, holding a little incense or a few sacred flowers in her hand, repeat some formula of prayer. If a tree be near the door, the trunk of it enjoys the full benefit of these daubs and sprinklings.

“Of course, the common huts are smaller and ruder; they are generally thatched with leaves of the palm or cocoa-nut, and sometimes, indeed, are made altogether of matting or basket-work, with bamboo supporters.

“Almost all the dwellings are so built as to admit of a court for their cattle, either in a central space, or close behind with a mud-wall inclosure.

“In most villages, you see near the bazaar one or more lofty wide-spreading trees, with broad beds of hardened clay raised round their huge trunks. Here, at the burning hour of



noon, the cooly deposits his load, the traveller his bundle, or the horseman ties up his steed, and all under the favour of its shade compose themselves to sleep. Even here they contrive to avoid any accidental defilement of cast; and a very high cast wealthy man would take sole and undisputed possession, without he encountered one of the faithful \* sleeping on his horse-cloth, with a scimitar beside him.

“ Tanks, or reservoirs of water, and topes, or small groves of trees, are commonly found side by side at the entrance of Indian villages; and in such spots, if native travellers be numerous, they halt for the night, bathe, and perform their ablutions in the tank; cook, take their food, and rest in the tope. Here you may see the bearded Mahometan sitting cross-legged on a carpet, smoking his hookah, with a ragged boy shampooing his tired horse beside him; the Hindoos, according to their casts, boiling their rice and mixing their curry-stuff within small

\* A Mahometan.

circles cut on the ground, for you to pass which would be defilement both to their food and themselves; and far apart, despised and rejected of all, the wretched chandalah eating his ten cash worth of flavourless cold rice, and enjoying (for it is his enjoyment) a short respite from labour, if not ill usage.

“In poor villages the small temple for the idol will be of mud, white-washed, and ornamented with clay figures, the work of the potter. Here and there too, in different spots are always to be seen small Lingams\* for daily Pooja†, or some strange-shaped stones or ancient trees, long since consecrated by the craft of a Brahmin, and daubed over or decked with flowers to secure the veneration of the credulous and consenting people. In and near towns or populous places are stone choultries for travellers, supported by handsome pillars, curiously carved with figures of men, women, and

\* The Lingam is a very small stone pillar of a peculiar shape, the origin and attributes of which will be found in the systems of Hindoo mythology.

† Worship.

animals, regarded as sacred. In such spots, moreover, the pagodas are solidly built of granite. Their walls, columns, and lofty gateways, elaborately sculptured with images in full, demi or bas-relief of gods and monsters. They have also sacred tanks, lined and faced with stone, to which you descend by flights of steps in rows, continued round the whole inside of the tank.

“ In the south of India, where there are few large rivers, you often find spacious tracts under cultivation entirely supplied with water from immense tanks, filled during the rains by many contributing streams and torrents. These reservoirs have been the beds of naturally-formed pools originally, and have been enlarged and kept full by the turning of channels, assisting the localities, and casting up embankments. I have met with them many miles in circumference. If the country near them be hilly, they give a noble character to the scenery, and every where, in a land like India in its hottest season, delight and refresh the eye.

“ To walk along the bund or embankment of one of these capacious lakes at rise or set of sun, on one side of you a broad sheet of water with a back ground of lofty hill, rocky, broken, and patched with jungle; on the other a wide and rich carpet of green rice, its stalks fresh and glistening in their watery beds, and its tender blades bright with a verdure unknown in Europe, is a pleasure in the enjoyment of which you may for a while forget those rural scenes of old England, which will often intrude themselves unbidden on your fancy, and render tasteless views less favoured, but still of much beauty.

“ About sunset you always meet large droves of oxen and buffaloes returning from pasture, to sleep within the village walls. In our territories they no longer need protection from predatory horse; but there is still a fear of loss from tigers, or common thieves, and small insignificant parties of robbers. The buffalo, though very useful, is the most hideous animal in India. It is of a dirty mouse-colour, with little and thin hair; its horns, large and un-

sightly, lie back upon the neck ; for its head is always carried horizontally in its length, protruding forward with a wild or stupid gaze. The oxen of the East are, on the contrary, very handsome ; they have a peculiarly formed, but not an ugly hump, rising above the shoulder, large falling dewlaps, but clean, sinewy limbs ; they are strong and active both for draught and carriage ; and when they are very young, before they are fit for labour, they are as light and springy in their motions as deer. The milk and ghee\* of the buffalo is used as commonly among the natives as that of the cow, if not more so."

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"As you lie in your tent, just composing yourself to sleep, you are often disturbed by the wild cry of a large pack of jackalls. Their yell is a mournful, almost an appalling, sound. The images it conjures up are all of a desolate character. The idea of a faint, wounded, and

\* Ghee, clarified butter, much used in Indian cookery.

forsaken traveller, lying conscious of his horrible fate, yet speechless, as they come howling onwards, and snuffing for his blood, is terrific. Many, many an Indian traveller has thus perished; I mean native of course. They will at any time fly from the voice or face of man; and a waking servant soon drives them from your tent.

“ The lighting of your lamp and the stirring of your servant generally rouse you up at three in the morning. While you are washing and dressing he prepares you a cup of coffee; and your Lascars \* begin striking the walls of your tent,— you feel quite cold, and discover that a great-coat is as much wanted in India by a traveller as at home. You mount your horse and follow the village guide, who, with large fire-sticks, runs, or rather shuffles along before you at a tedious pace, broken continually by trifling obstacles; nor is it till the grey dawn shows you your road, and perhaps a small herd of antelopes bounding beautifully across

\* Lascars, servants whose principal duty it is to strike and pitch tents.

it, that you feel your *mind* fully awake. To be sure, if there be moon-light, the march has beauties, and the stars in this climate shine with a distinctness and a lustre never seen in our native country.

“ The roads in India are only beaten car-tracks, and seem to the English eye very solitary and unfrequented; there is little stir, little travelling on them. Now and then you meet a couple of merchants on ambling ponies; a woman with a child in her arms, riding on a saddle-bullock, followed by her husband armed with an old matchlock; a few laden bullocks with a family behind them, the men on foot, the women in a covered hackery; a few sepoy on furlough, with their wives and children; a long string of clumsy bullock-cars laden with goods or stores, or a large caravan of brinjarry bullocks, carrying grain. The brinjarries are a race of wandering grain-merchants, and trade all over Hindostan, particularly in the Deccan. They carry their families, their few worldly goods, and even their idols with them. A certain number of their finest bullocks are the leaders

of small herds, and have lofty ornaments between the horns of coloured cotton, with a plume of the cow-tail, and collars round their necks with small bells like the mules of Europe.

“ Among the objects you meet on the road are often seen the fakirs\*, who are religious beggars. Some of them wear turbans of a deep reddish yellow, and loin cloths of the same; others go naked and shameless, with a matted head of hair, and their bodies daubed over with the ashes of cow-dung; large strings of beads round their necks, and muttering or singing as they go. These wretches have the hateful influence with the people here, which the begging monks of the order of St. Francis had with the people of Europe before the blessed Reformation. Such are the figures and groupes usually seen on the roads in our territory in Hindostan; but where, you will

\* The term Fakir is strictly Mahometan, although it is commonly applied to all religious mendicants. Among the Hindoos they are divided into many classes, and distinguished by different names. The Mahometan fakir has generally a ragged green turban and a tattered robe.



ask, are the elephants, the camels, the numerous horsemen, objects you have ever associated in your mind with travelling in India. On the Madras side you may journey three hundred miles and see none of either, without you meet a body of troops, a general officer, or some civil servant of high rank, then you may chance to see a few carriage elephants and camels. The native princes connected with us, who yet maintain the shadow of their former power, have a few howdah elephants and a few hundred camels; but their keep is very expensive; and the company's officers and servants on the coast could not afford to have them on their establishments. For the service of our commissariat we, of course, have many and very noble elephants. In Bengal and the western provinces they are commonly in use both with the military and civil servants.

“As to horsemen; the habits of the lower classes under us are peaceful; and the poverty of all, who would probably have been the nobles and officers under native princes, must account for the total absence of that upper

class of easy idler you expect to meet with in a luxurious country like India; and would, but for our conquest, have found. But it must be recollected that rank and wealth are the gifts of a day with an eastern ruler, held only during his pleasure; and the possessors have generally lost them at the death of their prince; always by a change of government, and the fate of conquest."

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"Death does not so much change the countenance with them, nor from their complexion does it wear that look of livid ghastliness so affecting in the appearance of a European's corpse; the closed eye, motionless lips, and stiffened form, alone proclaim this last and solemn sleep.

"The body was placed on a few dry logs, mingled with smaller sticks; at the head lay an oblation of rice and saffron; a few flowers were scattered on the pile; a libation of water poured out; an anointing of oil. I do not re-

collect to have seen, on this occasion, the blood offering which it is usual to make at funerals by sacrificing a cock; but they were poor and of low cast. I saw them however again at a later hour, at the funeral repast, and while the flames were yet licking up the remains of that hand which was but the yesterday in the same dish with them.

“A high, solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them; producing, at times, a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky, or trees, form the back ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open

building, supported by tall columns of stone, with the figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger, than life, beneath it.

“ Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open and supported by numerous stone pillars. An enclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone ; the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculptor into various sacred animals rampant, rode by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imagery and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite, all the incarnations of Vishnu the preserver ; here Siva the destroyer, riding on his bull with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head ; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute ; Kamadeva, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane

strung with flowers or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varoona, the god of the seas, on a crocodile. Many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons, instruments of music, &c., or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods pourtrayed in groups and pictures of demi-relief every where; generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple, you see lingams\* on their altars.

“Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned,

\* The Lingam, the Bull of Siva, and other images more peculiarly sacred to Iswara, mark the distinction between the pagodas dedicated to the worship of Siva and the temples of Vishnu.

is placed on it, and dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession.

“ Such, though but roughly, and, I fear, not very intelligibly sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily resort, with their humble offerings of rice and plantains ; and hither, on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groupes of dancing girls,—beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion ; or listen to the wild and obscene fictions, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music ; or gather round self-torturing devotees, with frantic shouts of approbation.

“ *Thus* it is that, according to enthusiastic Orientalists, the imaginative Hindoos worship one holy and invisible God in all his various attributes. But to say, that, of the vast population of India, any considerable body are simple deists, is an assertion hardly worth one scratch of the pen to disprove.

“ No !—they are blind idolaters ; blinded by that common curse which fell upon the

whole family of the human race, and are sitting in the shadow of that darkness which the Sun of Righteousness can *alone* dissipate ; and will, in the appointed time, with the bright and beauteous rays of mercy and of truth.

“ Look at yon Brahmin, stepping in haughty wrath from his cottage :—that poor wretch, of lower cast, faint with a mortal sickness, has fallen *too near* his threshold ; and may, though he has not yet, defile it ! He does not stoop to aid the dying man ; administers nothing to his crying, though speechless wants. No !—such charity would pollute him. — He hurries off, and returning with two obedient villagers, has him borne away, to breathe his last, perhaps unsheltered, and to rot in an unfrequented spot near the village, without the last poor privilege of a funeral pile.

“ Look again at these aged Brahmins in earnest converse. In the garden from whence they are passing forth, sits the widow of a respectable native just deceased. She is only twelve years of age, and was betrothed (no

more) to the husband she had but once seen. She has just heard from them how it is expected she should honour God, and attain heaven. Terrified she looks, and *is*. — The sun shines bright, the earth looks green to her, — she would live, and taste those bounties a merciful Creator gives. She must not! — Ere the shadows of evening close, her ripening form and delicate limbs will be wrapped in flame. Sad nuptials these, to be embraced on the funeral pile by death! yet the horn, the drum, the cymbal, and the shouts of a glad multitude, speak joy.

“ The *mild* Hindoo! — the term is mockery. It is insulting the piety, it is trifling with the sense of an Englishman, to tell him that the Hindoos are inoffensive and tolerating religionists. Pleased with their own attainments in Oriental literature, finding their pride flattered by all that is respectful and submissive in the manners, and their taste indulged by all that is pretty and scenic in the customs of the people of India, I verily believe that half the



men who have so admirably portrayed these unfortunate idolaters, have deceived themselves, as well as others."

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" They were a tall, fine-formed race, of a tawny complexion ; their women loaded with paltry ornaments, and beads of coloured glass : jack-asses, pigs, and fowls, were straying about their camp. They had also numbers of small Tattoo poneys, large fierce dogs, and trained gamecocks ; and several of them had tame serpents, in baskets, which they dragged out, and piped to for our amusement. But they were not either of the juggler class, or of the Brinjarry tribe. These came from the northward of the Kistna, in the Mahratta country, and appeared to deal in ornaments of wood, glass, tin, and feathers. As Indian jugglers have visited the Exhibition-room in Pall Mall, and half the markets and fairs in England, I need hardly name them. Their exhibitions in India are the same they have given at home ; only, here they are generally accompanied by tumblers and

snake-charmers, await your pleasure before the door of your tent, and thankfully receive, for the whole performance, about as much as an individual in Pall Mall paid for his admission-ticket."

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"In the large weaving villages of India you may see the labour, in almost all its stages, going on in the open air; sometimes in a tope of shady old trees, filled with monkeys, who gambol and chatter above the villagers undisturbed. The monkey is held sacred all over India. There is a species of large baboon or ape kept in their pagodas, and very highly venerated from the credited tradition that one of their gods dwelt under that form while on earth. These animals appear as well acquainted with their privileges as the Brahmins themselves; and, descending at sun-set from the tower of the temple, in the niches of which they live, they plunder, fearlessly, the fields and gardens; nor are they ever molested, except by a sly sceptic as to their divinity, when he is certain he cannot be discovered."

“ A fine noisy tumultuous scene it was. I first met an immense crowd carrying a sort of light ornamental temple, made of pasteboard, talc, and gauze, and painted and gilt with much taste. At the head of this crowd were groups of tumblers, and men with ornaments and bells on their legs, dancing like our morrice-dancers; there were also several low masks, such as men naked, their bodies painted like tigers, and led in chains by others, either crawling on all-fours, or roaring and springing about amidst the crowd; others daubed over with a shining African black colour, and armed with short staves, imitating negro combats and dances.

“ Then several hundred Mahometans (most in our army), with glittering sabres, black shields, and in their native dresses; turbans, of green, red, purple, pale blue, rose, brown, and all colours; large wide trowsers of silk, of the gaudiest patterns, and many with shawls thrown over one shoulder. Nearer the Tazier, were groups of dancing-girls, covered with joys, and dressed in showy muslins and silks, with round golden embossed plates on the back of the head.

Numbers of insolent-looking fakirs, and a vast concourse of people of all casts and classes.

“ All these distinctly seen at night-time, by the light of innumerable torches, matchlocks firing off, rockets flying, the few natives who had horses, galloping and prancing round the crowd, and one huge elephant, borrowed from our commissariat to make up the procession, gave a very lively picture of an eastern festival. As I walked in the bazaar, I came upon a crowd, one minute attentively silent, the next merrily talkative. I pushed among them, and found an exhibition of the magic-lantern kind: in light, colouring, and motion, it was exceedingly well managed. The representations were combats between natives and English; now groupes of horsemen, now of foot; now a single combat. The showman explained every scene, with many coarse jokes which I could not understand, but which took vastly with the crowd. The British were *always beaten*, especially in the horse-encounters, and their figures and dress were much caricatured. Had I been known, I should perhaps have been

insulted, but with my hat over my eyes, and a handkerchief held generally to my face, I was probably taken for a half-cast Christian. Fruits, sweetmeats, sherbet, arrack, and toddy, were selling every where. In many places were large shallow pits filled with fires, round which circles of Moors, brandishing their naked swords, danced a sort of war-dance in honour of the victorious Ali; singing and shouting at every pause "Ali, Ali!" Occasionally, too, one or other of them leaped into and through the fire with looks and gestures half frantic. Walking on, you will see at the corner of one street tumblers, at another dancing girls; here singers and music, there a story-teller with a party squatted round him. In short, every thing wore a festive pleasure-seeking air; and, in spite of the difference of climate, religion, laws, and education, we find the materials in which the heart of man naturally delights.

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"When the traveller, after winding wearily for many a mile through hill and jungle, at

length reaches the small village of Cumlapoor, he looks eagerly to the north of it for the site and ruins of Bijanagur ; but when he sees the prospect filled and bounded by lofty and rugged piles of rock, heaped up in strange and threatening forms, and all the valleys which separate them choked up with bush and giant-grass, with, here and there, a few large and ancient trees thinly scattered, he pauses in doubt and disappointment, for he cannot think that city ever stood in so barren and desolate spot. The naked and torrent-furrowed hills before him seem rather the mighty ruins of some work of nature, where, in the long succession of ages, deluge after deluge has swept down the soil that covered, and, with it, the verdant dress of turf and shrub that adorned them. A colossal figure of the god Ganesa, with his elephant-head, another of the stately bull of Siva, two or three broken gateways, and several large blocks of hewn stone, scattered loosely on the road beneath him, which they once paved, make him look more attentively around ; and he now sees that the sides of

these naked hills are studded with rude choultries of stone; that small pagodas are erected at their summits; and that the perpendicular masses of stone in the rock itself, and those columns prepared and raised by human labour, are so intermingled with each other, as not to be readily distinguished at the first admiring unsettled gaze. In the valleys between them he sees fragments of pillars, walls, pagodas, or choultries, scattered in the thick jungle; here peering a little above it, there nearly concealed by rich mantles of creeping plants. A cluster of domes discovered on his right, as he passes the large tamarind-trees beyond the village, demand, by their imposing appearance, his first visit.

“ One building of no great depth, with ten lofty arches, and as many small domes, declares its former princely use as a stable for elephants. Of the larger domes, one is over a fine gateway, the other over the entrance to some presence-chamber, which has long fallen in; while many lighter and smaller ones, on a high decaying wall, still look upon a weed-covered

garden, adorned with the remains of kiosks and fountains. Near this again is a building with deep piazzas, which doubtless have been often filled with slavish guards, prepared alike to defend or slay at the voice or even look of a despotic master.

“ You cross the garden, where imprisoned beauty once strayed. You look at the elephant-stable and the remaining gateway, with a mind busied in conjuring up some associations of luxury and magnificence. And yet these are but the meaner ruins of the hastily-built palace of some nameless sirdar, to whom the government of this scene of desolation and misery was given by those victor princes, who rode triumphant hence, glutted with spoil, and drunk with slaughter, and left him to glean that field of blood and plunder they were weary of devastating. Sorrowfully I passed on. Every stone beneath my feet bore the mark of the chisel, or of human skill and labour. You tread continually on steps, pavement, pillar, capital, or cornice of rude relief displaced, or fallen, and mingled in confusion. Here, large masses of



such materials have formed bush-covered rocks, — there, pagodas are still standing entire. You may for miles trace the city-walls, and can often discover, by the fallen pillars of the long piazza, where it has been adorned by streets of uncommon width. One, indeed, yet remains nearly perfect ; at one end of it a few poor ryots, who contrive to cultivate some patches of rice, cotton, or sugar-cane in detached spots near the river, have formed mud-dwellings under the piazza. Here also is a large pagoda, perfect and kept in good repair ; for to this spot a pilgrimage is made annually by crowds of devout Hindoos, who hold a fair in this wild scene, and perform their ablutions in the sacred Toombudra, which flows past these ruins, hurrying over a bed of rock, and often broken and intercepted in its course by huge picturesque masses of it. Here, on a smooth stone, at the river's brink, I found the impression of two feet, encircled by the hooded or sacred serpent, the well known emblem of eternity. Such symbol notes a spot, where some shrinking victim of the tyranny and craft

of priesthood has been driven to offer herself in sacrifice at the funeral pile of her husband, or perhaps deluded herself by the pride of superstition, has with steady fortitude lighted the very flames, from which she has madly hoped her conquering spirit would ascend, and force the portals of a vanquished heaven.

“ Such reflections, although they cannot, nor should they blunt our feelings,—as the mind’s eye realises the dreadful scenes once acted in this now awful solitude, when, maddened by bigot zeal, the Moorish conquerors stained all these mouldering pagodas with the blood of their priests,—may assist us in believing that the followers of a faith so terribly hostile to idolaters, were the appointed messengers of the wrath of God for their punishment.

“ One of the pagodas here deserves particular mention; for, in addition to the admirable sculpture, with which its gates, pillars, and projecting cornices are adorned, it has an idol car, entirely composed of black granite,

ornamentally carved, and beautifully executed. It has been moveable, but its wheels are now half bedded in the soil. It has, moreover, under the inner temple, a subterraneous sanctuary. This sanctuary receives a sort of gloomy light from above, but was doubtless designed to be illuminated by torches, when any ceremony or sacrifice was performed there. In it are a few small reservoirs with channels and lips, which were wont, on solemn occasions, to be filled with the urine of the cow, of which, in some of their mysteries, a most disgusting use is often made.

“ The blood creeps as you stand alone in the gloom of this dungeon-like vault, and reflect on the horrid rites it may have often witnessed. It is dedicated to the destroyer, and was, perhaps, first consecrated by human blood. It has, probably, often echoed shrieks, and laughter, from which humanity and purity alike revolt. The thought of such crimes might well steel the heart, yet it will throb as you image to yourself the hour of retribution, when a band of Mussulmans broke into this

recess, and seizing the assembled priests by those sacred locks hanging from their shaven crowns, dragged them with shouts to the light of day; polluted their necks with the foot of pride; slew all; and rolled their gory heads, as mock-offerings, to the foot of their goddess Kali\*, whose necklace of human skulls bespoke her not unacquainted with such sacrifice.

“ With a mind thus occupied, you pass on through this wilderness, in a frame of submission to the will of Heaven, but of a character partaking more of awe and fear, than resignation and love. The desolating judgments on other renowned cities, so solemnly foretold, so dreadfully fulfilled, rise naturally to your recollection. Now, as you tread, the wild peacock, with a startling whirr, rises in your path; now, you disturb the basking snake; and here, as the rustling of a thicket attracts your eye, are reminded that these ruins are

\* When the fortress of Chittledroog was taken by the troops of Tippoo Saib, the heads of the Mahometans who had been slain during the siege were found piled up before the altar of Kali. — Vide WILKS.

the haunts of the hyena, and the panther; that the small and frequent patches of sugar-cane give shelter to the wild boar; and that wolves are common in the rocky hills above you.

“I climbed the very loftiest rock at day-break, on the morrow of my first visit to the ruins, by rude and broken steps, winding between, and over immense and detached masses of stone; and seated myself near a small pagoda, at the very summit. From hence I commanded the whole extent of what was once a city, described by Cæsar Frederick as twenty-four miles in circumference. Not above eight or nine pagodas are standing, but there are choultries innumerable. Fallen columns, arches, piazzas, and fragments of all shapes on every side for miles. About a league from this spot; on the opposite bank of the river, stands the small village of Annagoondy, near which are the ruins of an ancient bridge. At Annagoondy then resided the nominal rajah, who received a salary of 1500 rupees a month from us; and boasted his descent from the haughty Ram Rajah; him, from whose *successors*, degenerate

brahmin had extorted from him for the expenses of a funeral, or a marriage, at a rate of usury, from the bonds of which the toil and sufferings of years could scarcely redeem him.

“Better, thought I, better the wilderness should lie fallow *a week of centuries*, than be fertile only in errors and in crimes; than bring forth nothing but the bitter fruits of man’s apostacy. It may, it will blossom again, when sown with the seed of God’s blessing. Oh! look around the world and see, since the sword awoke against this city, how many a “wilderness has become a fruitful field,” and confess, with humility, that the ways of the Most High are past finding out.

“Many millions of people, who acknowledge the light and guidance of Christian revelation, inhabit *now* the *then* pathless forests and noxious swamps of America. On the coasts of Africa, Negro and Hottentot have, in small numbers, been restored from the sad effects of the primeval curse, to the dignity of man’s highest hope and calling; and, on the vast continent of India, the Day-spring from

on high has broken in, and partially illumined the darkness of the land. It is, in truth, but the faint and early dawn ; but who, let me ask, as walking in his garden he sees those pale and glimmering streaks which succeed to the deep shadows of night, does not believe that morn is come, and that the sun is rising."

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"The adamantine chain of caste is that obstacle to the spread of Gospel truth, on which many sincere and devout men, whose hearts overflow with Christian love to mankind, look with a sort of hopeless despondency as impassable,—as never to be broken down by human efforts: now, it is to burst open this barrier that I would see human means courageously applied; nor are they, under the Divine blessing, inadequate to the task. A general use of printed (I do not mean religious) tracts in their schools, and a general dissemination of them among the people, will, in fifty years, do much towards the confounding of these base and cruel distinctions, if it be aided

by a government which has hitherto showed as great a deference for all the privileges of cast, as if it were fettered by prejudice or fear, and has long shared with the Brahmins the enormous profits arising from the customary offerings at those pagodas, or sacred spots of superstitious resort, whither devout multitudes crowd on pilgrimage, or for some high festival, more or less frequently during their lives, according to the distance and sanctity of the spot, the nature of their vows, or the extent of their means.

“ I am aware that I have only stated one of many measures which should be adopted with it ; nor am I able, or dare I presume to pursue so deep a subject farther ; but I may be permitted to remind both the believing Christian, and the reasoning philosopher, that the formidable chain of cast is as one of cobweb compared to that chain by which high and low, wise and simple, Englishmen and Hindoo, are alike bound, till it pleaseth All-powerful and Pitiful Mercy to set us free.”

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“ I was present at the examination of many hundred native boys, selected from different schools, entirely under the superintendence, patronage, and control of natives at Calcutta.

“ It was held at the house of a Brahmin of great wealth and influence. In a quadrangular court, surrounded by piazzas, were assembled about five hundred children of all casts; and these were introduced, by classes, into a large upper room open to the court, supported by numerous pillars after the Hindoo fashion, and furnished half in English, half in Asiatic taste.

“ Many of the senior civil servants of the establishment were present; among them the chief secretary to the government. The boys were examined in reading, writing, arithmetic, and repetition; and they all received as prize-books, such as are translated by us, printed in our presses, and used in our schools. The masters, who were all Brahmins, were rewarded with sums of money, according to the proficiency of the scholars selected from their respective schools for the occasion. A pretty

little boy, habited in fine figured muslin, with a row of valuable pearls about his neck, and other rich jewels, probably the ornaments of his doating mother, took his stand and chance in the class of naked little fellows with whom he had been instructed; and was examined, side by side, with many of inferior cast. I found that he was the son of the very Brahmin at whose house this gratifying and interesting exhibition took place. Thus, thus it is, that the shackled Soodra will be lifted up, and learn to feel himself a man !”

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“ At an early hour one morning, I went to the Armenian church to look upon a form of Christian worship, known to me only by report. The church was old and small, but a pretty building in a quiet taste. The court was paved with grave-stones of black marble, or granite; and the inscriptions and ornamental figuring on all of them (although many were 150 years old) seemed plain and perfect. The church, in the inside, was divided in the middle

by a blue iron railing with gilt heads. The men of the congregation place themselves in front of this; the women behind, and farthest from the altar; just below the steps of which sits the patriarch on his carpet, in the eastern fashion. A veil of embroidery hangs down before the altar, and paintings adorn all the chapel walls. When the veil is lifted up, you see priests in gorgeous robes, and servitors with bells; staves having thin round laminæ of gold at the top, and censers of incense. The altar is highly ornamented, has a scripture piece painted over it, and the whole scene has an air, though solemn, yet theatrically solemn, and not suited to a temple.

“In the course of the worship they carry a painting of the crucifixion round the church in procession. When they administer the sacrament, they give small portions of the element of bread to all the congregation, who receive it with great reverence, taste, then wrap it up in linen, and carry it away with them after service. The patriarch always first blesses the elements. The service closes by the officiating

priest reading a lesson from the Gospel. The book, which is a small volume with covers of solid silver, wrapped in a napkin of gold tissue, is brought forth with much ceremony, and placed on a portable stand in the body of the church. When the priest has concluded, all the men and women draw near in succession, kiss the book with great devotion, and decently withdraw.

“ Throughout the whole service, the silence, the fixed attention, pious looks, and low prostrations of all surprise you. In few Roman Catholic chapels have I seen such reverential worship as in this Armenian one. The absence of images, the distribution of the element of bread, and the reading of the Scriptures, are the features which particularly mark the distinction in the daily service of these two churches.

“ The costume of the Armenian women, which I had never before seen, I very greatly admire.

“ Over a small tiara-formed cap, with a jewelled front, they wear fine shawls, which,

falling in large and not ungraceful folds, cover and conceal their forms. Their complexions are pale, almost to sickliness; but their eyes are full, black, and expressive; and their countenances, in general, pensive, and interesting. In the midst of the service, came in a rude hardy looking man, who bowed his knee with little appearance of awe, and gazed round him with a fearless curiosity. His bare head, with a profusion of brown sun-tinged hair, naked throat, brown jacket, with full short trowsers of the same, gathered just below the knee, and a red sash, marked him an Armenian sailor from some port in the Red Sea, or Persian Gulf.

“From this chapel scene I was led by my conductor, the very same morning, to one greatly and most affectingly contrasted with it.

“I followed him down a narrow back street, through a dark and dirty entrance, and up a stair-case, the lower half of worn brick, that above of broken ladder-like wooden steps, into an anti-chamber filled with slippers; from whence, after rapping at a half-closed door,

we were admitted into a dismal-looking room, where such daylight as found its way, was broken and obscured by the dull and feeble light of several mean lamps of oil.

“ Round this chamber, sat about fifty venerable-looking figures, in large robes of white with turbans, out of the centre of whose muslin folds the short top of a crimson cap was just visible.

“ One of them stood up at a raised reading-table near the entrance ; and opposite him was fixed against the wall, a sort of plain wooden press, looking like a half book-case.

“ Of those seated round the room, some were aged, with long silver beards, some middle-aged, with beards black or red, and curling or bushy ; their complexions differed from olive even to fresh, and they were in general very handsome. Although their dress and style of sitting, save that they used a broad raised bench, was Asiatic, still they appeared totally unlike not only the Mahometans of India, but also those from Asia Minor, who visit our Indian ports. At the sounding of a small

bell, he at the table began reading to them from an ancient manuscript volume, and the eye of every one was immediately riveted on small written or printed books, with which each, even a boy among them, was provided.

“ Here, without temple, and without altar, giving mournful evidence of the truth of those very prophecies, the Divine Interpreter of which their fathers rejected, and the past accomplishment of which they still deny, here was a stray flock of the lost sheep of Israel.— *Ye were, ye are, our elder brethren. We know that arm, which scattered you with fury, will gather you with great mercy !*

“ Seventy years before the destruction of your second temple, the foundation-stone of your third was laid; was laid in the sepulchre of a crucified Saviour: He too is the key-stone of its loftiest arch, where He sitteth on high, a King of Glory, triumphant over sin and death; a Prince of Peace, making intercession for you; a God of Mercy waiting to be gracious !”

“The river Hooghly has its banks most beautifully clothed with tree and shrub : and the number and size of the bamboos, which, delicate and tender at the head, bend over the water with a drooping grace, form a marked feature in the many pleasing views by which the eye is constantly refreshed. It is moreover adorned with villages, and large cultivated tracts : here again it will break out into broad reaches, so flooded above its banks, as to look like spacious lakes ; and further on, perhaps, will show large islands of waste land, covered with straw-coloured glossy-headed reeds, looking like ripe barley-fields at home. Such were the materials, which, assuming at every change of light and position different appearances, gave me an exhaustless variety of beautiful scenery. Each rising, each setting of the sun had colours and charms peculiarly its own.

“Some of my moorings were, of course, in barren jungly spots, but often near some pretty Indian village, not far from the ancient trees, where its elders assembled, and past which



separate groupes of women and men come down to the river to bathe, wash their clothes, and fill their brazen urns ; morning and evening too, you see large herds of cream-coloured cattle going forth to, or returning from, pasture, while you are sailing steadily past them ; and you meet constantly fleets of large boats deeply laden with merchandize, walled with matting, and covered with thatch, looking like floating cottages. These boats drop down, generally about forty, sometimes, just after the rains, sixty or seventy miles a-day."

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" This day's sail presented me with a succession of groupes and scenes very lively and interesting. It was that period of the Dus-sorah festival, when the worshippers come in gay procession to the river's banks with music and singers, and bear forth the idol, all adorned and decked off by the village Brahmins for the holiday. Each village had emptied itself of its population : dissonant and harsh as is their rude music, it still conveys a sound of mirth ; but

the glad voices of the people, the shouts and playful ablutions of the happy children, and the bright and gaudy colour of the women's garments, who dress on such occasions in clothes of deep, rich, and varied dyes; and often wear little corsets, fitting close to their breasts, of figured muslin or embroidered silk; with joys and flowers in their shining hair; speak more plainly to the ear and eye as you glide smoothly past them, and command from your cool and shaded cabin a full view of the festive throng.

"I moored that evening a few miles below Jungypore, on the bank of a little branch stream, which, it proved, communicated with some large and wealthy villages; for as I sat gazing upon that soft and pure light the moon ever sheds in this eastern world, and fancying myself a solitary lover of her charms, the song, the chorus, and the Indian guitar, broke in mingled sounds upon the silence of the night. Several snake-boats approached the spot; and, gliding past with wonderful rapidity, disappeared like unreal visions, and were only to be followed; nor that long, by the listening ear."

“ As, from the Cossimbuzar river-head, you launch forth into a channel nearly four miles in width, with waters rough and rising into waves, and reflect that you are on the bosom of a river three hundred miles from the sea, you are very powerfully impressed with the magnificent scale on which the works of Providence are here carried on ; and feel less wonder when you are told, that the Brahmins of India, whose veneration for this flood is so well and generally known, believe, among other absurdities, that the first descent of Ganges from heaven was designed to fill the hollowed, but then empty, bed of ocean itself.

“ I sailed across it to the left bank, and moored in the narrow little creek of Pookarya, where, from the deck of the budgerow, you might almost have touched the boughs of the lofty and shady trees on either bank.

“ In the morning, I proceeded up a small inland stream, communicating at that season with the site of ancient Gour.

“ Seven hundred and thirty years before

Christ, Gour was the capital of Bengal, or Gaura, as the country was then called.

“ The extent of its ruins is near fifteen miles in length, by three in breadth ; or rather, I should say, the extent of that space on which ruins may yet be discovered, and the whole of which was once covered with buildings, and crowded with inhabitants.

“ But where, you ask, are these ruins ? as toiling through bush and long grass, now crossing a field which some ryot has farmed, now wading through pools of water, or ferrying across them, you make your way from point to point, and find only the ruins of seven or eight mosques, the half-broken-down walls of a large Moorish fortress, and two strikingly grand and lofty gates of a citadel evidently built by Mahometans ; where are the traces of that city, the date of whose most flourishing existence can be followed back to a period of time so awfully remote ?—a period thirteen centuries before the birth of the prophet Mahomet ! Why here ! Enter this ruined mosque ; look at this

block of marble so beautifully wrought; observe the Arabic characters so fairly sculptured on it. Now pass to the other side; you will see the Sungskrita inscription originally cut upon it, ere the pagoda it long adorned was overthrown, to furnish materials for the erection of this mosque, styled by distinction, The Golden. The remains of it indeed are very noble; it is faced throughout with the most precious black marble. Many, however, of the inferior mosques are upon the whole in higher preservation; their domes still perfect and lined within by tiles painted of the most vivid colours, highly glazed, and probably as bright as the day they were laid on. One of the smallest of these mosques has a tessellated pavement of great beauty.

“The gates of the citadel are very grand; one especially is of a loftiness and span which forcibly recall the days of Humayoon and Acbar, as does yet more powerfully an imperial minar, the giant top of which has fallen in shattered fragments at its feet. This proud monument stands in the very centre of these

ruins, and from its dizzy and tottering head your eye may command the whole of that desolate tract which the city once covered. The processions, the Moorish squadrons, with their crowded spears and glittering sabres, the howdahed elephants, matchlock-men in groupes over the gateways and on the city walls; and a turbaned throng covering the space below, rise and show you Jennetabad in the sixteenth century. The ruins of this city, and of Gour also, have furnished materials both for building and ornament to Moorshedabad, Maldah, Rajemahl, Dacca, and many other places during the last century, and different periods long before. With something like a feeling of disappointment that the traces of Gour should be so few, you would leave the spot, your eye yet lingering in its gaze till the red soil adhering to your foot seems to exclaim, "You are treading on the ruins of Gour. This soil is formed of bricks now mouldered or crumbling beneath your tread; but fashioned by the hand of man ages, long ages ago. Here, in the dust, lie the temples, the palaces, the dwellings of

the city whose memorial you seek. Can you discover at Jerusalem one brick of the famed temple of Solomon? Is one stone left upon another of the second temple of Jerusalem, which was rased to the ground eight hundred years after the day of my strength and pride? What seekest thou? Babylon, and Tyre, and Sidon were my sisters; Egypt and its idols knew me; empires on empires have arisen and fallen since my day; Carthage, Rome, and Byzantium lie low. As, in the days of Hezekiah, Isaiah, the prophet of the Lord, foretold of other cities of renown, so has it been with me, and with my conquerors since me. My sons were mighty in valour, my towers high, my walls fenced, my treasures full, my daughters fair; music and dancing were in my feasts; I was proud and lifted up, and I am brought low, even to the dust."

"Reflecting thus, I walked slowly towards my boat; it was late, and from the ruins of a mosque and wall near some large tamarind-trees I saw springing, with many a fantastic bound and gesture, several of those large-sized

sacred monkeys. They fittingly represented satyrs dancing in wild mockery on this desolate spot. A marble tomb near me reminded me of the days of Acbar. Could I have broken the slumbers of its tenant, how had he grieved and wondered ! Before him, Jennetabad in ruins ; and beyond, no sign of camps or arms, war-horses, or Moorish standards ; and yet, how strange to think, that could you raise at your bidding an inhabitant of Gour, who perished two thousand years before, and place him where those trees might be supposed to shelter and to shade yon small ghaut, and shew him that groupe of Brahmins, with their brazen vessels and flowers, performing their ablutions in the stream, he would not fancy more than one night dreamed away ; and, bathing himself, would prepare to re-enter the city in their company. So that, after all, we have ruins of Gour more striking to the mind than the half-standing columns of Babylon, or the more perfect temples of Egyptian Thebes. We have the helpless, blind, and feeble posterity of an erring and fallen race clinging to the gods of



their fathers, with a pertinacity at once to be admired and pitied."

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"No spot could I find which bore the mark of a landing-place, and my servant and self scrambled over the rock through bush and brier to a sort of deserted shelter, half cave, half hut, with a wooden cot, some fragments of chattees, a small heap of ashes, and near the door, a low rude altar with a lingam. We called aloud, but no one answered; we searched the tree above, looked behind all the masses of rock, beat every bush: not a sound but the rustling of a snake, or a lizard. Disappointed in my visit, I returned to the main bank, and on questioning a peon, found that it had not been permanently occupied for these three years; when, it seems, the old fakir who had for many years previous dwelt on it in solitude and silence, the object of the Hindoo's veneration, the Mussulman's contempt, and the Englishman's pity, finding his pride imposed penance insupportable, consummated his vain sacrifice of all that made

life valuable, by that of life itself; and having announced his intention some months before, drowned himself in the sacred waters of the Ganges, in the presence of an immense concourse of the devout and superstitious, the sneering and the idle. Since that time it has been tenantless, save being now and then visited for a few days by some shrewd rogue, to fleece a pious Hindoo traveller, or mock a curiosity-hunting Englishman."

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"Throughout this province, agriculture and manufactures flourish. Here, cotton-cloths and mixed cloths of silk and cotton are easily procured. Grain, sugar, and indigo, are in abundance; and opium is produced in very large quantities. Whole fields of poppies, as varied in their gay colours as tulips, must, in the season, have a very lively effect, contrasted with the deep green around. I took great delight at first in wandering over these fields in India, where the productions are so different from those in England.

“ The cotton-plant with its bursting pod disclosing a soft and snow-white wool; the bushy dark-green indigo shrub; the plantations of the sugar cane; the plantain gardens, with the broad rich-coloured soft leaves, and the thick clusters of its bread-like fruit; the gardens of the betel plant; the cocoa-nut trees, whose fruit, shell, oil, leaf, bark, fibres, juices, are all so highly prized by and indispensably necessary to the natives of India; the graceful bamboo with which they make houses, inclosures, mats, couches, scaffoldings, ladders, in short, all conveniences.

“ These awaken astonishment and admiration; as for delight, when the novelty is gone by, you feel it is not your path of creation.”

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“ The very first aspect of Benares is fine; and, when you come opposite to one of its central ghauts, very striking. It extends about four miles along the northern bank of the river, which makes here a bold sweeping curve. Its buildings, which are crowded, built of stone or

brick, and uniquely lofty; its large ghants, with long and handsome flights of steps; here and there, the sculptured pyramidal tops of small pagodas; one mosque, with its gilded dome glittering in the sunbeam; and two proud and towering minars, rising above another, form a grand and imposing *coup d'œil*.

“ In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on either side, communicating with each other above, in some places, by small bridges thrown across the street. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk merchants; in another are displayed shawls;

in some, shops filled only with slippers ; in one, jewel merchants ; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols ; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and showy display ; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating Brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy Brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies ; or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two showy horses, with long flowing manes.

“ The women in Benares, (for many of high cast fetch all their own water,) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features ;—innumerable Hindoo youth, of high

cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each Brahmin's house, and pursue the studies which their pundit enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares belonging to Brahmins: what number may receive students I know not. Of their education I will speak a few words presently.

“He who has looked upon the pagodas of the south of India, is quite surprised to find those of Benares so few in number, so small and inconsiderable. The principal one is covered with much beautiful sculpture, representing fancy flower-and-wreath borderings. I went into it. During the whole time I remained, there was a constant succession of worshippers; for, except on festivals, they visit their temples at any hour they please or find convenient. This temple is dedicated to Mahadeva; and has several altars, with lingams of large size and beautiful black marble. It has two fine statues of the bull of Siva couchant; and, small as the temple was, three or four Brahminy bulls were walking about in it, stop-

ping in the most inconvenient places. All the floor was one slop, from the water used at the offerings; and the altars, shrines, &c. were quite covered with flowers, glistening with the waters of the Ganges. The only thing in the temple, which was to me novel, was a small representation in brass of Surya, the Indian Apollo, standing up in his car, and drawn by a seven-headed horse. The arched crests and eager bend of the necks were exceedingly well executed."

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"Allahabad at certain seasons presents a scene from which I turn with the deepest and saddest indignation. Multitudes of pilgrims crowd hither to worship at the sacred confluence of these holy streams: and every season some victims, either madly offering themselves, or devoted by the cruel piety of their friends, meet an early and untimely death.

"On the small point of land at which the rivers join their waters, sit numbers of Brahmins, known by their distinguishing flags, who receive the sums each pilgrim must pay

for performing his ablutions, seal them, sell amulets, certificates,—and Ganges' water to be conveyed many hundred miles distant by the purchasers.

“Does this picture rouse your indignation, reader? Learn, then, that one half of the receipts arising from the dues paid at this, and all other places of superstitious resort throughout India, enters the coffers of the honourable Company. A Sepoy sentinel near the spot boasted of the privilege he enjoyed; as, being in our service, he was exempted from the usual fine; paying a smaller sum for permission to dip his body in the sanctifying stream at this blessed place.

“To prop superstition, and countenance fraud, is surely a policy at once timid and impious; to benefit by the credulity of the poor plundered idolater, is a financial arrangement very little to our honour as Englishmen, and is a base denial of our faith as Christians.”

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“Is this a tomb? you ask yourself; a *mere* tomb? as descending from your elephant at a



high-arched and lofty gate-way, with gallery chambers and vaulted dome, you see, through and far beyond it, a vast pile of building of the most beautiful red granite, adorned in stone and marble, with many rich borderings of flowers, and with inscriptions from the Koran, in free bold letters of large size. You follow a paved pathway through the garden, now covered with rank grass, and stripped of half its trees, and approaching nearer, pronounce the building, though grand, too much overcharged for the eye of taste. Too many small minarets are crowded on its top, nor is the ascent to the door sufficiently spacious or raised. The lower story has one lofty dome, under which lies the dust of Acbar, beneath such plain and narrow tomb as would simply mark where a Moslem lay.

“ Above, upon the higher story, are arched verandahs, and marble chambers; and on the very top, a handsome space paved with marble, and surrounded by a light piazzaed gallery, whose outer face is open screen-work of the same precious material, perfectly white and

polished, but representing branches and wreaths interwoven with the most natural grace and ease.

“ Here is a small sarcophagus of white marble. Natural in form, and naturally strewn, are the pale flowers which lie thickly scattered on it. For whom the sculptor scattered them, four small and beautifully formed letters declare:—Acbar\*, you read; and read no more.

“ Of all the princes who sat upon the throne of the Moguls, none perhaps, has so much enjoyed the admiration of posterity as Acbar.”

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“ In the afternoon of this day, I drove to visit the Taaje Mahal. It is indeed the crown of edifices. As I drew near I could not take my eyes from its dome, white with such cold calm lustre as sheds the pure unsullied top of a snow-crowned mountain.

“ I could not pause at the magnificent gateway; I could not loiter as I paced up the garden; till, from near a basin in the centre,

\* In Arabic characters.

where fountains murmur and play, a lofty and polished dome of marble, and graceful elegant detached minars of the same beautiful material, Parian in whiteness, rising above a thick bed of dark foliage formed by the intervening trees, arrested my step, and fixed for several minutes my admiring gaze.

“ I thence moved slowly forward, ascended the terraced area on which the building stands, and walked, wherever I trod, on marble.

“ The front of this splendid mausoleum, adorned with borderings of flowers, and headed by inscriptions from the Koran, the former executed with due attention to colouring and form, both of leaf and flower, entirely inlaid with stones more or less precious, and the latter composed of Arabic characters cut with freedom and boldness out of the blackest marble, and then closely and beautifully let into the white, perfectly astonishes you. But, when led within the dome, where stand two small sarcophagi covered with the most delicate Mosaic, and surrounded by walls of Mosaic to correspond,

without a leaf, a flower, or a petal wanting: when you see cornelians, agates, blood-stones, opals, pebbles, and marbles of all colours wrought into the finest Mosaic, and producing an effect at once rich, chaste, and so perfectly natural, that the easier art of the painter seems mocked, you are silent. They tell you, and they tell you truly, that it is the most superb mausoleum in the world. Pride must have been ingenious in devising a work so costly, and the artist must have laboured with delighted wonder, as the precious materials for this sumptuous edifice were displayed in rich abundance before him. Perhaps there never was exhibited in any work of the same size, such a regardless disdain of the expense which might be incurred.

“The whole, whether seen inside or out, looks as if the scaffolding had not long been cleared away, and it was just fresh from the hands of the architect.

“The delicacy may be in some degree guessed, by those who have never seen it, from

the expression of Zophani, an Italian painter, who, after gazing long upon it with fixed admiration, said, that it wanted nothing but a glass-case of sufficient magnitude to cover and protect it.

“ I visited it again by moonlight ; a light soft, and well adapted to give effect to the cold clear polish of the dome. I also passed a long solitary day, either in minutely examining its beauties within, or viewing it from without, while seated under a shady tree near one of the garden-fountains. At every visit I felt more strongly, that to describe the Taaje, at once so chaste and so splendid as it is, would be a task, either for pen or pencil, impossible.”

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“ In traversing the rude irregular encampment of the Mahrattas, the sort of groups we met were horses picketted in circles with the rider's spear planted in the ground at each head-rope ; men lying on their horse-furniture, pillowed on their shields, or busy cooking, or cleaning their horses and arms ; their women making fires, fetching water, and bringing in grass ; their

children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

“ As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chase, surrounded by all his chiefs; and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach; and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the road, where the rajah and chiefs with his immediate escort must pass.

“ First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk\* ; and one in a complete suit of chain-armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a

\* A garment of cloth or silk, quilted and stuffed with cotton so as to render it sabre-proof.

fine boy, a foundling protégé of Scindiah, called the Jungle Rajah ; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances on the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our salaam. Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, and not adorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calean. We stood up in our howdah and bowed; he half rose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles, and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

“ I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scymitar, and shield, creese

and pistol; wore, some shawls, some tissues, some plain muslin or cotton; were all much wrapped in clothing; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban-top, and fastened under the chin."

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" On the 19th I marched to Dungree. The scenery throughout this day was very beautiful. Woody and rocky hills, narrow winding roads, and many very picturesque views of the river Sinde, whose loose, broken, and stony bed, with waters as clear as crystal, is twice crossed, were its principal features. As we came in sight of the river at the spot where we last forded it, a groupe of a few Mahrattas giving their horses water, and some infantry soldiers, fording with their women and children on bullocks, made the picture very complete. On the other side of the water, in a narrow rocky glen, I met about a hundred Mahratta horse; they salaamed to me with great respect; reining up their vicious horses, and looking with some surprise upon the saddle, reins and martingale



of the English. For they, like all Asiatic horsemen, ride on wide raised cushions, covered with cloths, have very short stirrups, and standing martingales; and, famed as they are for horsemanship, would be quite as much at a loss in our seat, as we in theirs. Their chief was in his open palkee, smoking his hookah, and made me a courteous salaam.

“ I looked back upon them as they moved down the glen—a round shield on every back, and their spears held low among the branching trees—and felt what the pencil could have done for the picture;—a couple of elephants, some camels, hackrees, tattoo-ponies, women, servants, boys, &c. followed the party. And, after clearing them all, I hurried to my ground;—a village deserted and in ruins.

“ My day at Nya Serai is one of my life, although marked by no peculiar incident, not to be forgotten. It is a happy festive day in old England. All the images and associations connected with it are joyous. Family circles, smiling children, indulged and contented servants, Christmas gifts, holiday fare, and cheer-

ful faces; and, with the more aged pilgrims in this vale of years, the reflected pleasure from the innocent gaiety of children and dependants; and a holy, high, and hopeful joy,—a deep gratitude for the birth of that Redeemer in whom alone they find rest for their souls. No bell here knolled for church; no humble voice read to me the glad tidings of peace on earth, goodwill towards men. Yet was this day most blessed to me. The Moslem lay slumbering near my tent; the lawless Mahratta rode past it; the Hindoo peasants of Malwah were busied in their fields; a burning sun shone fiercely; sound, sight, and climate, seemed alike to mock the season I would think of; but, with a pocket-bible in my hand, I felt the emptiness of all fancied situations, means, and ordinances, compared to the fulness of God's word; or, of their poor influence, compared to the power of his holy spirit. I traced back my Christmas days for many years, during all of which I had felt about them only with a common, thoughtless, unmeaning joy, I had celebrated them at home, at sea, in camp; in Portugal and in

Spain, too, had been present at the midnight mass of Christmas eve ; in France, had forgotten Frenchmen and captivity in the common conviviality of that marked day ; always had I been in the society of relatives or friends : but yet, in a land, heathen and almost hostile, passed one of the happiest days of my whole existence. I saw that the words uttered from heaven to the adoring shepherds were to the whole earth : and though I grieved to think the sound had not yet reached the dark spot around me, still did the conviction that it would, strike to a heart, not one year before as dark itself : and I felt that, all alone as I stood, my thanksgivings and prayers ascended to the throne of grace, together with those of the assembled congregations of my native land.

“ Pardon me, reader ! Perhaps fully to do so, you should pass one such a day alone in a foreign land.”

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“ From hence to Husseinabad, a distance of fifty-five miles, the country is mountainous and woody, and all its features are wild and savage,

but exceedingly picturesque and romantic. On the route I took, there was only one inhabited village the whole way ; the spots named for halting-places were in small valleys, green with young corn, and under cultivation, but neglected sadly. A few straw huts, blackened and beat down by rain, with rude and broken implements of husbandry lying about, and a few of those round hardened threshing-floors, tell the traveller that some wandering families, of a rude unsettled people, visit these vales at sowing time and harvest ; and labour indolently at the necessary, but despised, task of the peaceful ryot. It is here that, in such seasons, you would see the families of those ferocious and desolating bands, the lawless Pindarries. Here, collecting under their different chiefs, in spots like these, scattered through a tract of country running for nearly a hundred miles along the line of the Nerbuddah, and about fifty miles in depth to the northward, and here and there to the southward also, they leave to the aged, the women, and the children, the hated toils of husbandry ; and mounted on small,

hardy, coarse-looking horses, with innumerable led ones for carrying plunder, they sally forth through the wild defiles of this mountainous region; cross the Nerbuddah simultaneously at different points; and at length unite under some head chieftain, on the plains of the Deccan, to the amount of ten, twenty, or even thirty thousand; and carry fire, sword, and rapine to town, village, crowded fairs, and wealthy bazaars, all over the country, under the guidance of their leader. They are only armed for murder; only mounted for travelling; which they do with a persevering and continuing rapidity almost incredible; so that regular troops cannot act effectually against them.\* They march eight, and halt four, hours; and keep this up for weeks,

\* Although a regular army would have little chance of overtaking or of bringing to action these numerous hordes of predatory horse, they were, during the campaign of the Marquis of Hastings, destroyed by the combined movements of many and widely-separated divisions of the British-Indian armies, by whom some of their detachments were caught and cut up; others scattered and dispersed; and their force so completely broken, that they have not since re-appeared as a large body.

giving their horses stimulating and medicated food.

“The wealth thus gained is either squandered in the lowest dissipation, during their seasons of relaxation, when, concealing their arms and turning out their cattle to pasture, they visit individually large debauched cities and market towns; or else is spent in feasting and drinking, in small sequestered camps; or, by a few, is expended in mounting and equipping themselves to serve in the Mahratta or Deccanny cavalry, under native princes.

“They have happily been put down now for a time; and the native princes who protected them, either punished or deprived of the power of any longer harbouring them, as the great valley of the Nerbuddah is now in our possession; Asseerghur garrisoned by us; a large force at Husseinabad; a cantonment at Mhow, in the territory of Holkar; and large bodies of irregular cavalry in the territories of Scindiah, under our orders, and commanded by British officers. But such they were, and in the very country through which I passed, they long

found a safe harbour with the connivance of Scindiah. The fate of Seetoo, the most celebrated chieftain among them, who led thirty thousand Pindarries to the plunder of the Deccan, who was supported by and closely in the interest of Appah Sahib, deserves mention. He escaped from the fortress of Asseerghur, a few days before our troops invested it. Without followers, without friends, he crossed the Nerbuddah, and directed his flight northwards. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider ; and, on the border of the jungle, near some by-road, the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger, and since torn by jackalls. His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his scrip.

“ I enjoyed my march through these wilds greatly. Now you wound through narrow and deeply wooded glens ; now ascended ghauts, or went down the mouths of passes ; now skirted the foot of a mountain ; now crossed a small

plain covered with the tall jungle grass from which, roused by your horse tramp, the neelgae looked upon you ; then flying with active bound, or pausing doubtful trot, joined the more distant herd. You continually cross clear sparkling rivulets, with rocky or pebbly beds ; and you hear the voice of waters among all the woody hills around you. There was a sort of thrill too at knowing these jungles were filled with all the ferocious beasts known in India, (except elephants, which are not found here,) and at night, in hearing their cries.

“ The ravages made by the tigers on the poor native travellers, such as hircarrahs or Dawk carriers, on these roads are dreadful. At particular stations in the jungles are small guard-houses, containing a few persons armed, whose principal duty is to fire and burn the grass and jungle for a few yards on each side of the road ; and this duty they very greatly and shamefully neglect.

“ From hence, I marched through jungles and hills to the most advanced cantonment of the Hoshungabad force at Tikaree, in the



Baitool valley, a spot very fatal the year before to a fine detachment under poor Captain Sparkes, which was surprised and cut to pieces by an overwhelming force of Arabs. A very few miles from Husseinabad on this route, the country re-assumes the savage romantic aspect of that I described on the northern bank of the Nerbuddah. The distance to Tikaree is seventy-six miles. With the exception of the town, or village of Shahpoor, you find nothing but those small forest-guard stations, which I have described.

“ Few, very few people are met in these wilds. Now and then you meet two or three Bheels. They live by the chase and by rapine; on the roads they never show themselves armed; the bow and arrow and javelin are their weapons; but I never saw any remarkable for size or strength. They are a short thick-set people, with hideous countenances, flat noses, and thick lips, but far less handsome and finely formed men than the Africans; neither have they the very dark complexions, and that fine clear shining black; their hair is straight; they look stupid, to speak of them as men, but yet have

a quick little piercing eye, such as would discern the far-off deer, the deep-swimming fish, the lofty bird's nest, or the wild beehive. Their women are even more hideous than the men; these you meet more frequently, and in larger groups, carrying bundles of wood for sale. The favourite haunts of this half-barbarous people are in the deepest and most unknown recesses of the jungles. They often plunder and murder on the roads; and seemed to hold no fellowship with any other race. They are supposed to be the aborigines of the province of Guzerat."

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"A well, a tree, a ruin, or a tomb, became my friend for the day; and many a tranquil spot and happy hour can I look back upon during this route.

"About two leagues before you reach the city of Beeder, you ascend a fine table-land. The approach to it is very noble. There are some fine princely looking tombs: and the dark embattled walls surrounding the city have a warlike and magnificent aspect. They have

seen sultans and warriors before them. Beeder was one of the five Deccanny kingdoms; was the seat of the Bhamenee dynasty of sovereigns, and of two later. The tomb of the ambitious and successful Ameer Bereed, the founder of one in 1518, is one of the most beautiful in its proportions, and, for its materials, in the tastefulness of its decorations, that I have seen in India. The tessellated floor, the beautiful colours and form of the tiles within the dome, the fine execution of the inscriptions from the Koran, are much to be admired. The blue pigeons, sacred with the Mahometans, fly securely about from dome to dome, and find nestling-places over the body of many a stern vindictive soldier. There are several tombs and ruins of mosques on all sides. The walls of the city are six miles in circumference; they have many round towers; a citadel within, and some handsome decaying palaces. A dry ditch, cut in the solid rock, runs round the whole. To the east side, the walls run down undulating with, and taking the form of, the ground, which, on all the other sides, is level

plain. But here, just opposite the fort, is a mount, not very lofty, but commanding a noble and extensive view. There is one old, large, and beautiful banyan on it, which was probably planted long before this city was founded. I saw in the evening a Moorish gentleman riding. To show off before me, he rode at speed, going through that beautiful motion of their attack and defence in pursuit and flight, when, stooping below the horse's neck on one side, they keep turning the eye and sword rapidly before and behind alternately. You often meet these Moors, too, with hawks on the wrist; for of this diversion they are passionately fond.

“ In my march forward, at a place called Sunjum, where there was a sort of fair, I saw a party of Seiks. They were infantry, armed with swords, creeses, and matchlocks; and carrying a curious missile weapon like a quoit\*, but lighter, and with sharp edges. These they whirl round the finger, and throw with uner-

\* It is rather, if I may so term it, a circular blade.

ring and fatal precision, to the forehead of an opponent. I hardly ever saw any where men more graceful, strong, and well made. Their complexions were a fair olive. They wore beards curling round the chin. Their turbans small and high, and peculiar in form. The loin-cloth wrapped close under the fork, leaving the limb entirely unincumbered, save by a light handsome sandal. Their women were handsome with fine forms, and their robes much loaded with ornament. At sun-set, they assembled round the oldest, a venerable-looking man, who wore a long dark blue robe, and sung a hymn. He also repeated some form of prayer.

## THE FEAST.

ONE of the greatest Hindoo festivals in the Carnatic is held annually at Conjeveram. It is called the Garudastavum, and celebrates the descent of the god Vishnu upon earth. For ten successive days a small, holy, and ancient image of the god is either borne in triumphal procession among his delighted followers, or exposed to their adoring gaze in the courts of his temple. For ten days the streets are thronged with Brahmins and fakirs, pilgrims from afar, and peasants from the neighbourhood. Nothing is heard but the frenzied shout of the exulting fanatic, or the song of the merry idler, whom the season of holiday sets loose from his wonted toil.

I chanced to be stationed within a few miles of Conjeveram at the period of this festival, in June, 1822, and I went over to enjoy the scene. It was at the second hour after midnight that I mounted my horse, and rode forth alone. There had been rain in the night; the moon was still up; and all around, and on my path, whether tree or shrub, grass, or gravel-sand, or pool of water, was glistening and silvery.

My heart beat happily as I looked about me, and though alone, I felt not lonely; no, not even when the moon set, and left me in darkness. The old world was present to my imagination; I was on my way to gaze on a scene familiar to those nations whose history and fate are recorded in the sacred page of the Old Testament,—a scene only to be *now* viewed among the idolaters of India.

As I approached the town, I entered upon the more public road, and found numbers of native peasants in groups of families, some with burthens on their heads; others with

children in their arms, or on their hips\* ; or leading those who could run alone ; some aged, and bending to their tall staves ; all pressing on with a noiseless foot-fall, and that silent heart-throbbing eagerness with which, in all countries, we hasten to a high place of public and solemn assembly.

My guide led me to the choultry whither the procession was to come, instead of to the gate of the pagoda, whence it first issues ; so that I lost the moment when, with the break of day, the doors of the temple are thrown open, and the breathless multitude behold, and bow before their god ; light the incense on their small censers ; and break and pour out the milk of their cocoa nuts ; and send up those maddening cries with which they hail the revered image glorified, as they believe it to be, by a present deity.

Directed by the sound of the tumult, and the hurried movement of the crowds, I soon

\* The Indian mother often, indeed generally, carries her child astride on her hip, which she protrudes for that purpose.



discovered the procession. It was led by one of their wandering saints, a hale old man, with a flowing white beard, robes of deep salmon colour, and a turban of the same, but high and mithric in form. He brandished in his right hand a staff with an iron head, in shape like the sceptre of Vishnu; and he sang aloud, and danced with a wild rotatory motion.

Some twenty men followed, mounted on Brahminy bullocks, and beating tomtoms. Next four elephants with banners, and the nagara or large royal drum. Long files of dancing girls, with joys and flowers in their shining hair, came after, linked hand in hand, and moving in measured steps to the music of the temple. Then the image of the god\*, borne on the bowed neck of Ganida†, with attendant Brahmins, and the umbrella‡ and chowrie‡ of sovereignty. All these were car-

\* The image of Vishnu was very small, adorned with jewels most richly, and clothed with brocade.

† The Ganida is represented by the figure of a man larger than life, with the head of an eagle; the whole of gilt copper.

‡ The well-known emblems of Indian royalty.

ried on a vast platform raised far above the heads of the crowd. A throng of officiating Brahmins, with their peculiar complexion and shaven crowns, closed the procession; and their chaunt, now loud and nasal, now deep and musically so, reminded me strongly of the convents and cloisters of the far West.

But why does such a thought intrude? Look around on the dark multitude—mark their dress and ornaments—look at those “round tires like the moon” on the heads of the women—observe those fakirs; the one with the iron rods forced through his skin all festered and bloody; the other suspended from the branch of that tree, his head downwards, and a fire under it; and a third near them, his head buried under a heap of earth, and his naked and disgusting body protruded on your path. Come here to the idol-maker’s stall: what will you carry back, poor travel-worn pilgrim, to your distant cottage? Here are all your gods—all their symbols—all the little vessels for sacrifice. Nay, I smile not on you in scorn, but in pity.

"Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan templed in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on some pleasant lee,  
Have glimpses which might make me less forlorn ;"

than walk this world in name a Christian, but in heart a sceptic.

We dined, a large party of us, with Mr. C. the acting collector and magistrate, on the evening of this day, at his temporary bungalow in the town, and were summoned from table soon after nine to meet the night-procession. The order of it was like that of the morning, but now Vishnu rode upon a gilt and glittering figure of Hanuman, the monkey-god ; the platform was lighted up, hundreds of the attendants were bearing torches, and about fifty men carried large tresuls, whose trident heads were all flame : they were firing off rockets on all sides, and just after we came out, the procession halted. A large space was cleared ; there was a good show of fireworks ; and two immense colossal figures of pasteboard, well dressed, and admirably managed, danced to the loudly laughing crowds ; and here in the midst of this multitude were a dozen of us pale Eu-

ropeans, a rajah and two of his sons, and a wealthy native merchant, seated on English arm-chairs. I shall never forget the scene; I had feared that the moon would spoil the effect of the lights and fire-works, but no; there was much sulphureous blue in the fireworks, and the flaring blaze of the torches gave to the leaves of the tall cocoa-trees, which line the streets, a *metallic* brilliancy: on many of them were clusters of Indian boys; every house-top, every broken wall, was covered with groups, thronging as bees swarm, and a dense moving mass filled the streets. I was much delighted with the picture, yet I did, at times, look up to the blue cloudless vault of heaven, and to the golden stars, and, as I gazed upon the moon shining in calm majesty, the tumult of my spirits was reprovèd and repressed.

We accompanied the procession to the Muntipum\*, and saw the nautch girls dance before the god. They were none of them remarkable for beauty; but the dress, and the measured

\* Small Temple of Rest.

step, and movement of the arms, cannot be viewed with indifference by any one for whom historical or poetical associations have charms.

The next morning I saw the image of Vishnu borne on a huge coiled serpent of gilt metal, with a spreading hood, and seven heads of silver, over-arching and canopying the god, and it trembled as it moved.

I afterwards rode home, but returned to witness the Rutt Jatra. The night before, a curious ceremony takes place; the Vishnuvites carry their god on a huge gilt elephant to insult the temple and the followers of Siva. This has been customary for centuries, and was once a constant cause of tumult and bloodshed. Now there is a particular pillar to which they may go; a servant of the company is always present, and it ends, if not in good humour, at least harmlessly. I saw this folly: their expression of contempt is not different from that adopted by common consent into all pantomimes, whether Dutch, Italian, or English. The god and the elephant turn their rumps towards the front of Siva's temple, and are

thrice propelled to the permitted point with the shout and the gesture of insult; some of the Vishnuvites appeared quite mad; they leaped on each other's shoulders, shook their large torches, and sang defiance.

It was at day-break on the following morning that I saw the Rutt in motion, and certainly it is a sight for the traveller: the platform of this car or temple is five and thirty feet from the ground, and the tapestried canopy and its supporters and decorations, five and thirty feet higher; it is capable of containing twenty or thirty Brahmins; the whole is solid, strong, curiously carved, and heavy; the wheels are ten feet in diameter, solid, and of enormous thickness. Four cables, one hundred yards in length, are attached to it; and, with shoulders under, or hands on these cables, there are certainly not less than two thousand labourers engaged in drawing it along. On it moves, high above the uplifted faces of the crowded worshippers\*; these press to come near, throw

\* Here the devotees do not throw themselves under the car, as at Juggernaut.

up (with money) an offering of cocoa nuts ; the attendant Brahmins break and present them to the god, and cast them down again, *thus consecrated*, to the wretched, yet glad devotee, who shares them with the family he brought up to the feast, and with which he has to retrace the long and weary way to his native village.

This Rutt is dragged through the principal streets ; and on its return, when it arrives within about a hundred yards of the spot where it is to be drawn up, there is a shout and a yell, the movement is more rapid, and fearfully it towers and totters along till its ponderous wheels are again bedded in their resting place.

During the whole of this scene numbers of young Brahmins armed with thongs of the deer\*, are leaping about in the crowd, striking now those who drag the car, now those who press upon their path ; and you may observe wealthy and well-dressed men come and just put their hand over to touch the rope, and

\* The skin of the deer is not considered as polluting.

claim the merit of having dragged the car. The women hold up their little children above their heads, and every sight and sound speak tumultuous joy. But let us pause, the crowds are dispersing:—Who are those twenty or thirty poor men covered with sweat and dust, looking toil-worn and hungry, and now salaaming with fear to that stern Brahmin? They are village coolies, who were pressed and driven in to drag the car of Vishnu, the lowest of whose followers would spurn them from his path.

And here come into this tope, and down to the edge of this tank; look at these groups of poor families with their small and insufficient portions of cold rice. They are not acknowledged, *even by the Soodras*, but they wear the mark of Vishnu; class themselves among his humble followers; have come up to the feast, to worship, and make the offering of their little all; and will now go home, and practise the most painful economy for a year to come. Now enter the courts of this temple; here all is feasting and smiles; these groupes of sleek



fat men are officiating Brahmins, who are partaking of an entertainment provided for them by that black Hindoo merchant of the Bhyse cast, with diamonds in his ears, and cunning in his eyes, who has come up from Madras for the occasion.

Such is an Indian festival pictorially sketched : it were a long, long comedy if I attempted to carry my reader behind the scenes, among Shenitadars, Moonshees, Peons, and the whole herd of petty oppressors ; a comedy I say, but I mean it not unfeelingly : the word tragedy I reserve for higher and more serious considerations ; for can there be a deeper or more awful one, or one more afflicting to the heart of the believing Christian, than to look upon these millions, feeding on ashes.

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### GOA.

As I was passing down the coast of Malabar from Mangalore to Bombay, in the month of

December 1822, I bade the Tindal\* of my Patamare†, bear up for the harbour of Goa. If you close your eyes while listening to the song of the Moorish Classees‡, you may, for the time, fancy you hear the peasants of the south of Spain, and so, with all my recollections of the Peninsula strongly awakened by the power of association, I sailed into the outer harbour, a noble and capacious basin well land-locked, and over-looked by hill and tower, and neglected fort. One Portuguese man of war lay idly there, without any look of life or readiness; and it was difficult to believe, as you marked the slovenly figures leaning over her sides, that they were the descendants of those mariners who first braved the stormy spirit of the Cape.

I was soon seated under an awning in a boat from the shore, and was rowed rapidly across the second bar, and up the noble reach, on one bend of which stands modern Goa, a small inconsiderable seaport, some miles below the old city, which has from a variety of causes been

\* Captain.    † A small coasting vessel.    ‡ Mariners.

deserted, fallen to decay, and with the exception of its convents and churches, palaces and prisons, which, from the solidity of their construction, yet remain, has disappeared. I landed at the port; and, from the shop of a Parsee, the only place in this dirty town in which I could find shelter, I wrote a note to the Governor, requesting permission to visit old Goa. The only fine looking men to be seen in the streets, were the soldiers of a corps lately arrived from Lisbon, for the inhabitants looked poor, and indolent, their dress, mean and dirty, yet not without an affectation of something which bespoke the existence and indulgence of vanity.

On the return of my servant, we again rowed forwards. Nothing can be finer, in its way, than the thick plantations of the coconut, (ever so graceful, and so beautifully rich in appearance,) which clothe either bank of the broad water near old Goa, whose churches and convents peer forth from among them with an air of monastic repose and stateliness. We moored our boat at the garden steps of the convent or college of St. Thomaso. It was a

burning afternoon, and the hour of siesta; I could find no one to answer my inquiries. I paced the cloisters below, and the galleries above, and heard but the echo of my own boots. At last, I saw a sickly face at an open door, and entering, found it was the dispensary. To the lean-visaged guardian of it I stammered out my story, in very different Portuguese to that which I could and should have spoken ten years before; and bade him say to the brothers that I wished a night's lodging in the convent. I then went below, and desiring my servant to prepare a curry and spread my carpet on the river's bank, I walked up the hill above towards the Augustine Convent. I shall never forget the deep, dull sound of its loud and mournful bell, as the first note of its vesper-peal struck upon my ear. Heavily to the heart it went. I never heard a finer toned or more sadly musical bell, than that which calls from the tower of the Augustines to the forsaken, solitary, and grass-grown city of Goa. I entered its large handsome church. The voice that read, and those that chaunted,

and the tinkling monitor for their kneelings and crossings, all sounded strangely weak, as if they struggled with a sense of desertion and loneliness, with a deep silence, which mocked and oppressed them.

I walked slowly round their cloisters, filled with paintings in fresco, of little merit, but the subjects interesting; almost all relate some tale of the martyrdom of brethren of the order. The dark and savage Moor, and the pale and patient monk, are, in some of them, very happily contrasted. I wished to find the tomb of Francis Xavier: one of the lay servants directed me towards it. It is in a small church near the empty and decaying college of the Jesuits. A young sacristan opened for me the dark chapel which contains this tomb. It is richly ornamented. There is a chest of silver above, said to contain his ashes, and lamps of silver are hung around: below, there are four reliefs most beautifully executed in bronze; the subjects,—his preaching to the idolaters, his baptizing of the converts, his persecution, his death. You cannot look upon the por-

traiture of such a life and such a death, without uttering that broken sound, which is neither a word nor a sigh, but which implies that we venerate the tenant of the tomb. You pass forth, however, and exult to see the Inquisition open to the curiosity and contempt of the passer-by, and abandoned to disregarded decay. Not so do you look at the deserted palace of the ancient governors; for the Albuquerque and De Castro were no common men. I wandered on through narrow green paths and among tall trees, and visited two more convents before sunset. None have their complement of brethren; but none, save that of the Jesuits, are empty. Generally, the superior and one or two more are Europeans, or of European parents; the others are Goaborn, European only by descent and in name, but having Indian complexions, and all the confined notions of their ignorant, uneducated fathers.

I returned to my carpet and my curry, and found one of the order waiting to conduct me to the senior brother. I excused myself till I

had dined, and then went up. He was very cordial, and amusingly and fussily civil. He was an Indian born, with a deep yellow complexion. He gave me a large glass of excellent Lisbon wine, ordered me a room and a bed, and seemed to me to carry as many keys, and open as many cupboards, and go as often in and out of the chamber as a disturbed old housekeeper.

I found my good host too *distract* to give me information on the subjects most interesting to me, and I relieved him and myself by retiring to my cell, where I laid me down on an excellent bed with fine linen, and felt all the luxury of being fatigued. With the early morn I was forth again; again heard the bell of the Augustines, and obeyed its summons. After passing some time in its church and cloisters, I went down to the cathedral: there were ten canons in their stalls; the dean officiated; the sacristans, the vespers, and the choristers, all in their appointed places: as for congregation, there was only one person present, an elderly Portuguese gentleman. Yes,

there were four stout African slaves, the bearers of the dean's Mancheela\*, who talked, and whispered, and giggled in the side aisles, till the bell announced the elevation of the host, and then ran forward and knelt and crossed themselves. They were fine young men; with athletic frames, naked, skins black and polished, teeth like ivory, the thick lip, the woolly and curly head; and they had the cunning glance, the free gesture, and the broad laugh of the half-tamed savage.—I was wonderfully struck with all this. The establishment of this cathedral being still supported by the original grants of land, and the priests here, as well as the monks in the neighbouring convents, clinging of course to their property, Goa presents a scene which perhaps no other place in the world can, or should.

You may enter seven large churches within a two miles' walk: the black robe, the white robe, the brown, the cowl and the skull cap; the silk cassock, the laced surplice, the red

\* A litter peculiar to the Malabar coast.



scarf, the glittering vestments, you may see them all. Pastors abound, but where are the flocks? I found in one about fifty Indian-born Portuguese; in another, a few common black Christians with beads and crosses.

Goa the golden exists no more. Goa ! where the aged De Gama closed his glorious life. Goa ! where the immortal Camoens sung and suffered. It is now but a vast and grassy tomb,—and it seems as if its thin and gloomy population of priests and friars were only spared to chaunt requiems for its departed souls.

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# **E G Y P T.**



## EGYPT.

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### VOYAGE IN AN ARAB VESSEL.

“It was to the rude music of the small Eastern drum, the noisy cymbal, and the lively tambourine, that, with the cry and the song of joy, and, with many a pause for clapping of the hands and beating of the feet, the crew of our Arab vessel hoisted her one vast sail, which a gentle breeze from the land, after some heavy flappings of the canvass, at length filled, and wafted us slowly and steadily from the palmy shores of India.

“Our vessel was one, rude and ancient in her construction as those which, in former and successive ages, carried the rich freights of India for the Ptolemies, the Roman prefects, and the Arabian caliphs of Egypt. She had, indeed, the wheel and the compass, and our

nakhoda\*, with a beard as black and long, and a solemnity as great as that of a magician, daily performed the miracle of taking an observation; but although these "peeping contrivances" of the Giaours, have been admitted, yet they build their craft with the same clumsy insecurity, and rig them in the same inconvenient manner as ever. Our vessel had a lofty broad stern, unmanageable in wearing; one enormous sail on a heavy yard of immense length, which was tardily hoisted by the efforts of some fifty men on a stout mast, placed a little before midships, and raking forwards; her head low, without any bowsprit; and, on the poop, a mizen uselessly small, with hardly canvass enough for a fishing boat. Our lading was cotton, and the bales were piled up on her decks to a height at once awkward and unsafe. In short, she looked like part of a wharf, towering with bales, accidentally detached from its quay, and floating on the waters.

"Providence, however, to whom all the Mo-

\* Captain — "Lord of the vessel."

hammedans trust, rather, indeed, with the perverse indolence of the waggoner in the fable, seems always to have regarded the merchant as the friend of mankind; and thus, from year to year, with favourable and gentle gales, over a serene and pleasant sea, these Arab traders sail, as their forefathers have done before them, with a peaceful feeling of security, which is seldom disappointed.

“The interior arrangements and the scene on board merit a rapid sketch. Under the poop deck is one cabin aft, with stern windows, and one forward, with two ports of a side; this last is, or would have been, open to the front, but for the high-piled bales of cotton, which with foot and knee, and out-spread arm, we had constantly to scale, before we could gain the deck. The after cabin was the harem: the starboard side of the larger was occupied by the son of the owner (a young Arab, of Mocha), a respectable old Persian gentleman, and his son, a boy; the larboard side, without other separation than some trunks abaft, and the wheel forward (for they steered below), was

our sorry berth. The poop presented a livelier scene: on the after part were four banyans or Hindoo traders bound to Aden; on the star-board side forward sat our grave nakhoda, on the berth in which he slept, and from which day or night he seldom moved,—behind him, a Turk, a *merchant of Mosul*; on the other side, four Persians,—two from the north of Persia, one from the distant and sterile Cabul, and another from the far and fair Cashmeer. The crew lay scattered over the bales in front, all boasting themselves Arabs, but differing greatly in features and complexion; the coarse issue of such mariners of Africa or Arabia, as settle at the ports, and man the vessels, of either shore of the Red Sea: four Siddi men and two boys, black as polished ebony, were the cooks and musicians; two servants, and two slave boys of the old Persian; an Indian pilgrim from beyond the Ganges; and a Hindoostanee servant of ours made up, in all, about seventy souls.

“About an hour before the break of day, we were generally awakened by the voice of our



old Persian, who, in a nasal tone, with loud and rapid utterance, read, if it may be called reading, a large portion of the Koran. A little before sunrise, the *serang*\* gave the loud call to prayers, and all, after a very slight ablution of the hands and feet, assembled; the crew forward, the passengers aft; their faces turned towards Mecca. The *serang* always led their devotions; the responses were loud and general, in a very full manly tone. Soon after this, coffee was handed round the poop, in cups not larger than egg-cups†, and thin cakes of bread. At noon they had a pilau or curry; in the evening the same. The mat was spread, the tray set; and, after each going to the gangway, and pouring a little water over the right hand, they squatted in circles, the right shoulder inclined a little forward, and silently and rapidly despatched their meal. ‡ There is little of indul-

\* Mate or boatswain.

† Egg-shells, I might have said, for they are put into small brass receivers, like eggs into their cups.

‡ The crew had plentiful messes of *dhourra*, or some grain, twice a day, with an allowance of ghee; and we observed that

gence, little of enjoyment, in it; but much of ancient simplicity, and of that sacred sociality which dipping hands in the same dish once implied, and which is still felt among those tribes of Arabia, who have been uncorrupted by the examples of blood and treachery, with which the pages of Asiatic and Turkish history are everywhere polluted.

“Our passengers, all of whom were pilgrims, patiently and indolently reclined on their cots\* the whole day. They combed their beards, they read the Koran, they combed their beards again; they smoked, they sat cross-legged and motionless, looking on vacancy; they slept, but, *even in sleep*, looked a *slow* race, as if they *willed* nothing. Five times a day the more zealous, three times the more moderate, performed their devotions. The young Arab

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dates were served out to them occasionally, as a kind of favour, like grog. The Siddi cook would carry a large lump of the rich sweet dates, sticking together like tamarinds, to each man.

\* These are mere frames, with a strong network made of small cordage. They are so fixed as not to swing, and often are merely laid down on the deck, or on chests or bales, or in any place that offers.

owner had some life in him; now and then he would sing an Arabian love song, and turn it not unpleasingly; sometimes he would get a group to play at the ring with him, a kind of hunt-the-slipper game. One of the Persian passengers also had a book of tales with him, which I have seen him read of an evening to delighted listeners, in a manner the most quaintly, and amusingly dramatical. We had little communication with them, from the difficulty of making ourselves understood; but the Cashmerian told me of his country, its lake, its gardens on the house top; of the goat from which their shawl is made, how it came to them from afar, and how they only used the short downy hair next the skin; confessed that the borders\* of most shawls were joined on, though ingeniously, but that the highest priced, and most valuable, were really worked in, without any seam. Another, as he showed his cloak of sheep skin, with its leather inside dressed like the softest glove, spoke of the clear

\* A trifling little point, which is often disputed.

and healthy cold of Candahar and Cabul ; while his companion, who had visited Astrachan, was full of the liberality of Russian nobles, the splendour of its bazaars, the Russian infantry, the Tartar horse,—and of the circumstance, by him never to be forgotten, of a governor's lady having freely given a sum equivalent to 6000 rupees for two shawls. Seven times, the Turk of Mosul said he had visited Istamboul, Haleb, and Ismyr ; and had as often traversed the Great Desert with caravans. He was a guarded staid man, girded round his loins with a broad belt of buff leather, and having a robe soiled by travel ; and, in features and complexion, he might have passed for one born on the banks of the Thames or the Rhine. Our Persian was a fine handsome old gentleman, with a superb beard, of a grey which told of its youthful blackness ; had always a word or a gesture of courtesy, and was fond of comparing watches at the important hour of noon.

“ For the crew \*, they were idle, happy,

\* They were once ordered overboard to clean the vessel's side, the only time I saw any of them in the water. Every one

orderly, and uniformly cheerful: once, and then only for a short half hour, was the harmony of the vessel disturbed. A Persian servant had a quarrel with one of the sailors, and all rose on him. He ran down for his sword; all tumultuously followed; they were like light straw on fire; they dragged him back as they would have torn him limb from limb: the nakhoda and serang were unheard. The passengers interfered (we Christians excepted); and one of the northern Persians, a brave little man, who trembled and turned pale as his swarth cheek would let him, caught up a billet of wood and dealt a blow to one of the crew with something of sectarian bitterness. Matters, however, were soon composed, how, I could not learn; but Mohammed, Mohammed, was not unfrequently or gently invoked. The crew were menaced by one nakhoda, and pacified by the other \*; and little marks were

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seemed a Triton; they shouted and trod the water, and dived and exulted in the element. Some of these very men had been pirates, or Wahabees — men of blood.

\* The young owner.

there of the fray in half an hour afterwards, save the torn robes and sullen looks of the Persian servant, and the flashing eyes of some of the Arabs. I must, however, except one sound, the shrill angry voice of an enraged woman, who, it seems, was the wife of the Persian, and who was abusing the Arabs and reproaching her master the whole evening. I was the more surprised at this, as a very remarkable circumstance had occurred in the harem, and one marking very strongly its entire seclusion: a woman had died on board, and been committed to the sea two days before we even knew it, and then it was by the merest accident that our servant — he daily conversed with the sailors — became acquainted with it. Not even a husband entered during the passage, because the women were mixed: a eunuch, who cooked for them, alone had access.

“It must be confessed that our accommodations were sorry indeed, being neither private, clean, nor airy; yet, from the charm of novelty, we were all gratified with the voyage.

We had our own resources — our books, a chessboard, our quiet and social meals, our talk.

“Abundantly was I amused in looking upon the scenes around me, and some there were not readily to be forgotten:—when, at the soft and still hour of sunset, while the full sail presses down the vessel’s bows on the golden ocean-path, which swells to meet, and then sinks beneath them,—then, when these Arabs group for their evening sacrifice, bow down with their faces to the earth, and prostrate their bodies in the act of worship — when the broad *āmēēn*, deeply intoned from many assembled voices, strikes upon the listener’s ear — the heart responds, and throbs with its own silent prayer. There is a solemnity and a decency in their worship, belonging, in its very forms, to the age and the country of the Patriarchs; and it is necessary to call to mind all that the Mohammedans are, and have been — all that their prophet taught, and that their Koran enjoins and promises — before we can look,

without being strongly moved, on the Mussulman\* prostrate before his God.

“Most pleasantly we sailed upon the smooth waters: ay, reader, and enjoyed the “moonlight upon Oman’s sea.” It was at early dawn, on the twelfth day, that we first made the high land of Arabia the Happy, all shrouded in the veil of morning. The rising sun soon showed the savage coast,

‘Barren and bare; unsightly, unadorned.’

No grass of the rock, no flower of the heath, no shrub, no bird, no look of life. Cape Morbat was the point we first made, and we coasted it thence to the Bay of Aden, making, in succession, the land of Fartakh, Siout, Bogashoua, and Maculla. Near the last spot we did see a boat or two stealing along the shore; but the features of the coast were uniform — dark, waste, wild: the rocks not very lofty, black, and scorched at their summits; here,

\* The Arab sailors of Mocha are very observant of all the solemn decencies of their worship.



craggy and broken, with the waves dashing at their feet, — there, smoother, with brown and arid sides, and with beds or belts of yellow sand below. Such is the aspect of Araby the Blest; and for 1800 miles, from the point we first made to the shores of Midian, in the Gulf of Acaba, there is little, very little variety. Like the rough and russet coat of the Persian pomegranate, which gives little promise of the rich and crimson pulp within, so Arabia, all forbidding as she looks, can boast of Yemen and her sparkling springs, of her frankincense and precious gums, her spices and coffee berries, her luscious dates, and her honey of the rock: but the streams which descend from those fertile regions never reach the sea, they are drunk up by the sands; and the long line of coast, excepting three or four spots where the merchant and the mariner have found a haven, or where some pastoral tribe has dug a well, is but a burning solitude.

“ For half a day we dropped anchor in the back bay of Aden, but, as we were six miles from the town, our nakhoda did not wish us

to go on shore; our Hindoo passengers were landed, and two Arabs came off to the vessel. One was a soldier in the service of the dowlah of Aden, a short well-set man, with the black eye, clear brown cheek, and ivory teeth of his country; a small black turban on his thickly flowing hair; a dark blue shirt of cotton; a rudely studded belt, with cartridges and powder-horn; a matchlock in his hand, and a sword by his side. He scarce looked upon us; his companion, a younger man, with two long brown curls, waving to every movement, gazed at us, however, the whole time he was below, with fixed and unsated astonishment, especially at two, who were deeply engaged over the chessboard.

“The scenery of this bay was of a very wild, savage character, the rocks black and ragged. It blew fresh too, and was cloudy, and the whole picture was darkly beautiful.

“Very ancient is the tribe of Ad, deriving their name from Adnan, in a direct descent from Ishmael; and there are magical recollections connected with the neighbouring de-

serts, which the lover of poetry will not fail to call to mind ; for, hidden in their solitudes, lie the gardens of Iram, and the palace of Shedad, and that silent city where Colabah passed his night of wonder.

“ It was a bright, a laughingly bright day, when, with a fine fair breeze, we sailed through the Gate of Tears\*, for so did the ancient Arabs name those narrow straits at the mouth of the Red Sea, regarded by their early navigators as so perilous, and so often indeed fatal to their inexperience.

“ We had a sail in company here, and loud and joyous was the greeting between the crews, as we both cast anchor in a little bay, just within the lesser Bab, by which we entered. From this anchorage, and, indeed, all the morning, while making for, and passing the straits, we had the black lofty shore of Africa in view, with its Cape of Burials ; for to the fancy of the ancient Arab, ‘ the shrill Spirit of the storm sat dim’ upon the rocky brow of Cape

\* Babelmandel.

Guadafui, and ‘enjoyed the death of the mariner.’

“We ran down upon Mocha with a full sail on the following morning. The town looks white and cheerful, the houses lofty, and have a square, solid appearance; the roadstead is almost open, being only protected by two narrow spits of sand, on one of which is a round castle, and on the other an insignificant fort. A date-grove adjoins the city, and extends nearly two miles along the southern beach; a pleasing object for the eye to repose upon, which is fatigued, if you gaze, in any other direction, by one unvarying picture of brown and desolate sterility.

“So far from the seaports of Arabia and India resembling each other, to the commonly observant eye, the contrast is striking. You have turbans and loose garments, but they are different both in fashion and materials. You have brown and black complexions; you have the clothed and the naked; but they differ both in feature, form, and gesture, from those whom you have left behind. Under the coarse awn-

ings of its narrow bazaars, you meet the well-dressed merchants in robes of woollen cloth, and from above the folds of the snow-white turban, you see a red woollen cap, with a tassel of purple silk. At every step you meet the black, the half-naked Abyssinian, straight as the young areca, with a nose sufficiently prominent to give expression to his features, and having his curled woolly hair dyed with a reddish yellow, the foppery of his country. Then there is the stout Arab porter, in his coarse brown garment, bowing under a heavy load of dates, the matting all oozing, and clammy with the luscious burden. Lastly, you have the Bedouin, with the hue of the desert on his cheek, the sinewy limb, the eye dark and fiery. He hath a small turban, a close-bodied vest, a coarse sash, all of dull colours; the arm, the leg, are bare; the brown bosom open to the sun and wind; sandals on his feet; a broad *straight* two-edged sword\* in his hand; a long

\* When our expedition from Bombay to the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf encountered the Beni Bu Ali tribe, they were attacked sword in hand in the most resolute and intrepid

and ready poniard in his girdle. For the cold night-wind he has a cloak of goats' hair, or black, or white, or made in long broad stripes of both colours. He walks erect, and moves directly to his front, giving place to none. Though everywhere surrounded by Turkish or Persian despots, nay, though there be towns, and imaums, and dowlahs, in Arabia itself, he looks, and he can boast, that he is personally free. Ideal is the happiness of savage life; but it is impossible to look, without admiring wonder, on men who contentedly proclaim the sandy plain and naked rock their patrimony, have no dwelling but the tent, no intrenchment but the sword, no law but the traditionary song of their bards, no government\* but the aged sheick of their tribe. When I contrast this their noble preference of a solitary and savage independence to the life led by those, who slumber under Turkish masters in cities,

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manner by the Arabs, who fought on foot with long straight swords, often wielding them with both hands.

\* Ali Pasha's troops, whenever they ascended the rugged hills of the Hedjaz, could effect nothing against these men.

always polluted by crime, and often disturbed by terror, with much to pity in their condition, and much to condemn in their conduct, I find every thing to admire in their choice.

“Other objects in these bazaars attract your gaze. Long strings of camels and asses, the large coarse sheep of Abyssinia, the small thin species of Arabia, the tall brown goats; the shops of the armourers, with their long polished sword blades, daggers, spears, matchlocks, and here and there the half-worn shield of other days; then there are the cook-shops, with their hot cakes of bread, and their large coppers with portions of meat and fowls, swimming in ghee, and ready for the traveller; and, a step further, the caravanseras and coffee-houses, with groups of townsmen and traders reclining on couches of the date leaf, smoking their small hookahs\*, sipping their kishu†, and perpetually stroking their long beards.—We

\* Made of the bowls of cocoa nut, polished, and ornamented with brass.

† Made of the shell instead of the berry; drank from economy, though they say not.

received every attention from our resident, who procured a house for us during our stay. The houses here are generally built of coral stone, and, in part, of sun-baked brick, whitewashed; have the central court, terraced roof, and divan window; that is, the recess filled by a low seat, which, covered with a carpet, and provided with cushions, is the place of honour. Our upper room had several small circular fan-lights, with various-coloured glass disposed in very small panes, producing the fantastic effect of the kaleidoscope.

“In the course of our rambles we discovered that the large date-grove, from its unfavourable site and soil, produced no fruit. All the houses, however, in the suburbs of Mocha, are built of a matting or thatch of its strong leaves, and they have a very neat, compact, and, when new, very pretty appearance: all are circular, with walls of a good height, and a conically rising rounded top. There are three suburbs: one occupied by common Arab labourers; one by Abyssinian mariners and traders of the Mohammedan persuasion; and one, a small,



separate, *avoided* cluster, by an oppressed and sinking race, a remnant of the tribe of Judah. I took a solitary walk to their quarter—the call of ‘Yacoob’ struck upon my ear as I passed the first enclosure: there was a doubting-glance from a half-opened wicket, and, at length, a young man, of about twenty, with curling hair, black as the raven’s wing, came out; and another, looking like a less handsome brother, and an old man followed, with his hair, all blanched as it was, falling in a long curl on each thin and withered cheek. On the Saturday following I went to their synagogue; it was small, of mud, a sort of book-stand in the midst, and a square hole in the wall opposite for the copies of their law, before which hung a mean curtain; some poor lamps hung from the roof, but were not lighted: the rabbi stood, or sat, close to the wall; at the desk, two children, of about thirteen, (one a girl,) read from the Scriptures in succession: the rabbi also read and prayed. The congregation did not consist of above forty, and only three women were present, who had each a child in her arms.

These infants were marked on the forehead and chin with black, blue, and yellow lines, as those of the Arabs are. I observed that they were all handed about, especially to the elders, and kissed affectionately. As to the form of their service—it was very long; the congregation sit and read with that sawing motion common to Mohammedans, Parsees, Brahmins, and all Orientals; in reverence they stand; in responses, especially in the Ameen and Hallelujah, they rise on the fore part of their feet; in adoration and confession they sit first, then lean forward, bow down the head, and kiss the dust. At one part of the service nine went and ranged themselves against the wall near the rabbi, and turned towards the congregation; then they veiled their heads, and as the rabbi paused in what he read, they raised their arms and stretched them forth with a solemn motion, first to the right side, and then brought them *slowly* across the body to the left, and uttered responses of wailing and lamentation, mournfully sad. Myself and my companion had seated ourselves on the mat

in their fashion; and it was evident that they took pleasure to see strangers, and not despising strangers within their gates. One exception there was, too remarkable not to attract our notice, and, for a moment, till reassured by looks and gestures, to discompose us. A very old man, with a pale face shrouded in his mantle, came tottering in late, and seated himself; the unaccustomed sight caught his restless eye, and with a voice feebly shrill, and tremulously angry, he seemed to chide those around him for the profanation. It was not immediately that they could explain matters and pacify him; and then he sunk back into his shroud, and into the fixed apathetic gaze of dotage.

“The Jew is looked upon, at Mocha, with an evil eye; suffering is, here, the badge of their poor tribe; the Arab may spit upon, and strike them: they are not allowed to wear a turban. They gain a livelihood by working as goldsmiths and jewellers; and it is said, and I believe truly, that they have private stills, and retail spirits to the less orthodox Mussulmans.

Their best excuse for this unworthy practice is, that money they must gain, for the possession of money with the appearance of poverty, form the present security, and the ever-ready and only defence of the wretched Jew; hence he is always stigmatised as usurious and covetous: the hot and haughty Mussulman stealing to the poor dwelling of the cold and self-denying Jew, to break his prophet's law, and show himself the slave of a sin so mean, furnishes to the mind no common picture.

“We strolled one evening to the well, about two miles from the city, for no water fit for drinking is to be procured nearer; the water of those who can afford it, comes from one yet five miles farther off, and the wealthiest inhabitants send to a spring twenty miles distant.

“The neighbourhood of a well at even-tide, in Arabia, is no unpleasing scene; it is repose, perfect repose; the brimming troughs, the kneeling camels, the way-worn travellers. No animal looks so much at rest, or seems to enjoy it more than the kneeling camel, and nowhere does the tired wanderer throw out his limbs,

or spread his arms behind his recumbent head, in a better posture for the full enjoyment of that indolently luxurious feeling, which follows upon fatigue, than the Arab driver.

“ Here, at this brackish well, a sum is paid for the very horse which is led forth for his draught, and for each water-skin and pitcher there is a trifling charge.

“ Passing from hence, we crossed the potter’s field, with its mounds of broken sherds, and numbers of newly moulded vessels just put out to dry. In our walk home, we observed many vigorous, active young men, naked to the loins, playing at a game something like our prison-bars; they are a fine race here, men

‘ To wrestle, run, and cast the stone,  
With nimble strength, and fair delivery.’

“ Here also a group of handsome, fearless children came running after us for comashees\*, all singing ‘ Nakhoda, nakhoda,’ (the title

\* Small coins.

they always give Englishmen,) in merry and cheerful repetition.

“ We visited the dowlah during our stay at Mocha, and afterwards saw him return from the mosque, in such petty state as his rank and means admit of.

“ There was a guard\* at the entrance of his mansion, and another half-way up the narrow staircase: the dowlah stood up, and shook hands. There were some old chairs placed for us: the apartment was mean; a stand in the centre with several hookahs; some matchlocks hung upon the wall; a few attendant soldiers, and one huge black; coffee was served, also kishu. The resident went with us; there was nothing said beyond the usual compliments: we were perfumed with frankincense, sprinkled with rose-water, and dismissed with the same forms as at our entrance.

“ The reader, who might attach to the station and rank of governor a something of dignity

\* Turkish and Arab guards all sit in their guard-rooms, alternately smoking, drinking coffee, and sleeping; the very sentry, if there is one, sits cross-legged at his post.

and freedom, will learn, with a smile, that the dowlah of Mocha was a black Abyssinian slave, not at all striking in his figure or appearance, or in any way remarkable; but, we were told, quiet, and civil to the Europeans, and not oppressive to the people. He had not the power of life and death, nor of entering on hostilities without applying to the imaum of Senna, in whose family he was a slave, and whose authority he represents.

“ Nothing is more striking in the character of slavery among the Arabs, Turks, and other Asiatics, than that it is a very common road to places of trust, dignity, and power: how very different might be the fortunes of two African boys, torn from the same savannah, and sold one to our colonies in the west, and the other marched across the desert, to the slave-marts of the east?

“ The black slaves, though they are often treated with confidence, loaded with wealth, and given military rank, are not, in many instances, thus distinguished; but from slaves

of Georgian or Greek parentage, seized, captured, or purchased, and educated with that view, it is well known, that the highest offices in the state and army, throughout the Turkish dominions, are almost invariably supplied.

“ From a window in the square we saw the dowlah return from the mosque. He rode a beautiful little iron-grey, and was accompanied by about half a dozen persons, well dressed, and of some condition, and the like number of attendants, mounted on wretched horses, and meanly clothed. A large band of that regular Arab infantry which forms the garrison, followed: their costume is plain; a common blue shirt, small dark turbans; a rude body-belt for their cartridges, and a priming horn. They marched in a wide front, their matchlocks sloped upon their shoulders, their free hands grasping the fore-arms of their comrades, and they sung in loud chorus some war song of their country. When the dowlah bridled up at the gateway of his residence, these men ranged themselves on one side of the square,



their rear rank considerably behind their front, and fired three volleys in the air, retiring every time to the wall to load. The dowlah now indulged us with a little exhibition of his own horsemanship, and address with the lance. He encountered three of his suite in succession, engaging them in a manner quiet, even to tameness. It is not, however, unpleasing to mark, in how *very small* a space the combatants will circle; to see the lances lightly poised, with the points dropped low, and close to each other; to see the eye steadily fixed, and, at times, the sudden turn of the steed, and lifting of the lance; and to mark the feint, the ready recovery, the close following up, and then the circling as before.

“The variety in their costumes, for there were not two robes of a colour, and the ease with which they seemed to move in these loose garments, now filling with, now flying from the wind, gave a grace and animation to the picture; but one trifling circumstance added to the scene, in my eye, a very peculiar charm. Two of the horses had chanfrons, or regular

head-armour\* of polished steel. Now there can be little doubt that these were old heir-looms, fashioned long centuries ago; and without any great stretch of the imagination, we may suppose them to have glittered in the van of Arabian armies, and given bright warning of the battle hour to the Templar and the Hospitaller, as they looked forth from the tall battlement, reposed in the open camp, or rode 'aye ready for the field' on the scorched plains of Palestine."

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"Rustan Aga, the governor, received us with some state. He was seated in his divan window, smoking, and reclining on a crimson cushion; two elderly, respectable-looking Turks were seated on either hand; four chairs were placed for us; and the room, which was large, was filled with armed attendants. Abdallah stood opposite, near the rail of the divan, as

\* Thick plates of steel covering the head in its length and breadth, and standing well out from the skin to prevent a jar or bruise.

interpreter; his face all glazed and clammy from his last night of sleeplessness and excess, and our young Arab behind us. The usual compliments passed. Hookahs were brought; then coffee; then, in very handsome glasses, sherbet with rose-water in it; and handsome napkins, worked with gold thread, to wipe the beards. All this occupied some time, and the silence was occasionally broken, on both sides, by some formal, unimportant question or observation. The whole scene and grouping left a strong impression on me. Rustan Aga himself was a fine-looking, haughty, martial man, with mustachios, but no beard; he wore a robe of scarlet cloth. Hussein Aga, who sat on his left, had a good profile, a long, grizzled beard, with a black ribbon bound over one eye, to conceal its loss. He wore a robe of pale blue. The other person, Araby Jellauny, was an aged and a very plain man. The attendants, for the most part, wore large dark-brown dresses, fashioned into the short Turkish vest or jacket, and the large, full, Turkish trowsers; their sashes were crimson, and the heavy ornamented

butts of their pistols protruded from them ; their crooked scimitars hung in silken cords before them ; they had white turbans, large mustachios, but the cheek and chin cleanly shaven. Their complexions were in general very pale, as of men who pass their lives in confinement. They stood with their arms folded, and their eyes fixed on us. I shall never forget them. There were a dozen or more. I saw nothing like this after, not even in Egypt, for Djidda is an excellent government, both on account of its port, and its vicinity to Mecca ; and Rustan Aga had a large establishment, and was something of a magnifico. He has the power of life and death. A word, a sign from him, and these men, who stand before you in an attitude so respectful, with an aspect so calm, so pale, would smile and slay you.

“ What most gratified me was the sight of the Turkish soldiery ; there was a large body in garrison here—a division of that army which had been sent from Egypt against the Hedjaz, two or three years before. Scattered in groups through the bazaar, and reclining

or squatted on the benches of the coffee-houses, these men were everywhere to be seen; some in turbans and vests covered with tarnished embroidery; others only in waistcoats with the small red cap, the red stocking, the bare knee, the white kilt, the loose shirt sleeve, which, with many, was tucked up to the very shoulder, and showed a nervous, hairy arm; all had pistols in their red girdles. Their complexions and features various; but very many among them had eyes of the lightest colours, and the hair on their upper lips of a sun-scorched brown or of a dirty yellow. They have a look at once indolent and ferocious, such as the tiger would have basking in the sun, and they are not less savage. The Turkish soldier would sit, smoke, and sleep, for a year or years together; he hates exertion, scorns discipline, but has within him a capability of great efforts, and an undaunted spirit. He will rise from his long rest to give the 'wild halloo,' and rush fearless to the battle. These troops were originally sent to Egypt from Constantinople, and were alike familiar with the snows of Thrace and

the sun of Arabia; men who had, perhaps, seen the Russian in his furs, or bivouacked near the dark-rolling Danube. Such are the men who shed the blood of the peaceful Greek families in the gardens of Scio.

“As we put off from the shore I observed a Turkish soldier standing alone, and looking earnestly after us; I had observed the same man to cross and dog us with no common gaze while walking in the bazaars. It now struck me that he was probably an Englishman, a renegade. I asked Abdallah if there were any among the troops; he said there were two or three. I felt confirmed in my conjecture.”

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“In a very few miles you become acquainted with the pace and motion of the camel; and, though slow, it is not disagreeable till towards the close of a day's journey, when it is, of a truth, achingly wearisome. This would not be the case with the regular-paced camel; he has an ambling trot, smooth and easy, and the best are very fleet; but ours were beasts of

burden, and though we contrived, now and then, to urge them for a few hundred yards, into a trot, they were heavy at it, and soon relapsed into their measured walk.

“We halted, the first evening, at the wells, about 11 miles from Kosseir. It was already dark, so we did not pitch our tent, but spread our mats upon the sand, our camels kneeling round us; made a cheerful repast of cold provisions; and lay down to rest with the starry firmament for a canopy. From the purity of the atmosphere the planets shine out, of a size and with a lustre, surprising even to the eye of an old resident in India. You look upon them and feel sad, as the power of sleep steals upon your heavy eyelid, and shuts *out* the glorious vision: yet the last conscious thought is that of love, where love alone should be directed.

“We started the following morning about six. For two hours the land-wind was cool enough; but as the sun gained power, the heat became scorching and oppressive. About eleven we halted under the shadow of a rock, and re-

freshed ourselves. In a northern country it is a 'traveller in the day of the sun,' which conveys an image of joy and content. Here it is the traveller drinking from his cruise of water under the high overshadowing rock; the kneeling camel, and the sleeping driver.

"The road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two thirds of the way, from Kosseir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scarped by art; here again, rather broken, and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite land-locked; now again you open on small valleys, and see, upon heights beyond, small square towers.\* It was late in the

\* They incline to the pyramidal but truncated form. These are found along the whole line of road, communicating with each other, according to the nature of it, at very unequal distances. They have evidently been signal stations. I do not think it improbable they are of great antiquity, as this



evening when we came to our ground, a sort of dry bay; sand, burning sand, with rock and cliff, rising in jagged points, all around; — a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-worn mariner. The dew of the night before had been heavy; we therefore pitched our tent, and decided on starting, in future, at a very early hour in the morning, so as to accomplish our march before noon. It was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day; and gives, occasionally, a hard quick stamp with his broad callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we

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road, between Thebes and the shore of the Red Sea, must have been known and frequented long before the time of the Ptolemies. In three or four places are traces of serais, with clear marks of circular towers at the angles. These are evidently Moorish, are in the plain, and may be of the time of the caliphs, or as late as Solyman the Magnificent.

started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in the deep blue sky. I claim for the traveller a love of that bright planet far beyond what the fixed and settled resident can ever know;—the meditation of the lover, the open lattice, the guitar, the villager's castanets, are all in sweet character with the moon, or on her increase, or full-orbed; but the traveller (*especially in the East*), he loves her in her wane; so does the soldier at his still picquet of the night; and the sailor, on his silent watch, when she comes and breaks in upon the darkness of the night to soothe and bless him.

“Who passes the desert and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone to them; and the sportsman

could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert: the deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen; then away; to the road instead of from it; far a-head he crossed it, and then off up a long slope he fleetly stole to some solitary spring which wells, perhaps, where no traveller, no human being has ever trod. Here and there you meet with something of green,—a tree alone, or two, nay, in one vale you may see some eight or ten; these are the acacias; small-leaved and thorny, yet kind, in that ‘they forsake not these forsaken places.’ You have affections in the desert too; your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged if his fellow or his driver be behind; he will stop, and turn, and give that deep hoarse gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have rode, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone;

also the crooked scimitar. Now these belong to the Syrian, and the Persian, the Mameluke, and the Turk as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mahomet performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she-camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side in the Vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that the Caliph Omar, with his wooden dish and leathern water-bottle, and bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem and the submission and homage of the patriarch Sophronius. Moreover, it is on a winged white camel, in a golden saddle, that the Moslem, who is faithful to the end, believes that he shall ride hereafter.

“As we stopped for a while to-day, to alight, one of my companions asking a driver how far we were from the wells, he replied to him, I observed, by pointing to the shadow as it then lay, then raised his hand, and following the sun’s course pointed again to where it would be at the hour of our arrival. His dial is the

rock, the solitary thorn, or the tall camel which he leads.

“They are a patient and hardy race of men, not so cheerful as the muleteer, yet have they a song. It is a rude prolonged cry: when very loud, barbarous and unharmonious; when lower and deeper (as in the heat of noon, or towards the close of a long march), it is sad, not unpleasing to the ear, in perfect unison with the dull scene around, and the slow toil of journeying in the desert.

“When the camel-train is not under the control of the private traveller, it goes incessantly from rise to set of sun, and often far into the night, or moves earlier than the dawn, according to the distances, at which water is procurable, or other well-known arrangements. The pace of the camel is but two miles and a half, an hour, somewhat less in the heat of the day. Cold hard eggs are the common food of the drivers, and indeed of all native travellers on these marches\*; all carry long pipes;

\* That is, on this route between the Nile and Kosseir.

during halts, they make a fire of camels' dung; knead up their thin cakes of wheat, or dhourra flour, in a coarse piece of leather they carry for the purpose; sweep the ashes from the sand; deposit their cake; sweep the ashes over it again; and, as soon as it is baked, they eat with cheerfulness their daily bread.

‘ With how small an allowance  
Untroubled Nature doth herself suffice.’ ”

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“ It was soon after daybreak, on the morrow, just as the sun was beginning to give his rich colouring of golden yellow to the white pale sand, that as I was walking alone at some distance far a-head of my companions, my eyes bent on the ground, and lost in thought, their kind and directing shout made me stop, and raise my head, when lo ! a green vale, looking through the soft mist of morning, rather a vision, than a reality, lay stretched in its narrow length before me. *The Land of Egypt!* We hurried panting on, and gazed, and were silent.”

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" With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and, among a few scattered date-trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice a globe coloured, as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the very brightest azure.

" This wondrous and giant portal stands well; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of a broad road (once paved,) as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures, we know not when. They are of a stone less durable than granite: their general

forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, worn away.

“ In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them, and the sacred tau grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err; you are on a highway to a heathen temple: one that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire; and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do: and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king, among them, all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins:— the stones which formed walls and square temple-towers thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect



as the builder placed them, and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey or blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No; — all is the nakedness of desolation, — the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence; a silence broken only by the approach of the stranger, for then the wild and houseless dogs, which own no master, pick their scanty food in nightly prowlings round the village, and bask in the sand-heaps near throughout the day, start up, and howl at him as he passes, and with yell, and bark, and grin, pursue his path, and mock his meditations. Old men and boys come out of the village, to chase and still them, and supply their place; bringing with them little relics and ornaments for sale, and they talk and trouble you.

“ There are no ruins like these ruins : in the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns\*, on which I defy any man, sage or savage to gaze without emotion.”

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“ The human figures found in relief, and painted on the walls, both of the temples and tombs in ancient Thebes, have in all their profiles a like beauty — all is mildness ; graver in the male forms. Gentle, very gentle, and sweet is the smile, and soft the look, in almost all the figures of Isis which I saw ; and I was, moreover, particularly struck by one thing, which forms a very remarkable contrast to groupings, not otherwise dissimilar, on some

\* The central row have the enormous diameter of eleven French feet ; the others, that of eight.

of the pagodas in India: wherever the god Mendes is introduced, and Isis, or other deities, or priests, or worshippers before him, all is grave, calm, and more serious than in the other representations. What, therefore, of the sacred and the solemn did originally attach to such odious and indecent representations, we may, in some measure suppose; and whither idolatry, in all its awful errors, soon tended, not only the sacred Scriptures inform us, but the very pagan himself:—

‘ Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites  
Of the good goddess; when the dance excites  
The boiling blood, when to distraction wound  
By wine, and music’s stimulating sound,  
The votaries of Priapus, with wild air  
Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair.’

“ But away, reader, away! come with me; step over that fallen capital; put your foot on that fragment of a cornice; clamber over those masses of enormous stones; now stoop, and enter this obscure and darker part of the ruin. The roof here has never fallen in; and here are two rows of pillars, with faded colours on

them,— the columns are, but the colours evidently not, the ancient Egyptian; you may distinctly trace the outline, on two of them, of such heads as are still to be seen in the rude paintings in Coptic churches; on one, too, you may see an inscription in red paint, of a like colour; it records the names and meeting of some humble, persecuted Coptic bishops, who once held their unostentatious council here, in a secluded spot, which served as a shelter and retreat for the worship and service of the true God, and the instruction of their flocks. Yes, in the solitude of these ruins, a weak small sect, who, having little strength, yet kept His word, have read the gospel of Christ, have bowed and wept before the throne of grace, and have sung the song of Moses to the ancient accompaniment of the loud cymbal! Here, even here, where the Priests of Pharaoh have sacrificed, and where Babylonian revellers may have stalled their foaming horses, spread their silken carpets, and drank from their golden wine-cups, after fulfilling what they knew not to be the will of the Most High!

"In one of the courts of the temple of Medinet Habou thus adorned, are the clear vestiges of a Christian place of worship: the altar and the small columns which supported the nave of its small choir; poor and humble do they look in the midst of such ruins as these; but to the Christian eye they are arrayed with glory. Here men confessing Christ, the Saviour of the world, have knelt in prayer:—"Who shall say that Christ was not present, dimly seen perhaps; yet felt with secret reverence and affection!"\*

"We returned across the plain to our boat, passing and pausing before those celebrated statues so often described: they are seated on thrones, looking to the east, and on the Nile: in this posture they are upwards of fifty feet in height; and their bodies, limbs, and heads, are large, spreading, and disproportioned. A frantic victor, baffled by the secret of its strange music, bade his myrmidons drag down one of these colossal heads; but soon after, priests rebuilt it, and renewed the juggle, to

\* Vide Christian Researches by the Rev. Mr. Jowett.

the success of which many inscriptions on the statue bear testimony: among others, one Claudius Maximus, of the XXII legion, states that he heard the voice,—it is silent now. These are very awful monuments: they bear the form of man; and there is a something in their very posture which touches the soul: they sit erect, calm; they have seen generation upon generation swept away, and still their stony gaze is fixed on man toiling and perishing at their feet.

“ The day following we again crossed to the western bank, and rode through a narrow hot valley in the desert to the tombs of the kings. Your Arab catches at the head of your ass in a wild dreary-looking spot, about five miles from the river, and motions you to alight. On every side of you rise low, but steep hills, of the most barren appearance, covered with loose sand and crumbling stones, and you stand in a narrow bridle-path, which seems to be the bottom of a natural ravine: you would fancy that you had lost your way, but your guide leads you a few paces forward, and you discover in the side of the hill an opening like the shaft

of a mine. At the entrance you observe that the rock, which is a close-grained, but soft stone, has been cut smooth and painted. He lights your wax torch, and you pass into a long corridor; on either side are small apartments which you stoop down to enter, and the walls of which you find covered with paintings: scenes of life faithfully represented, of *every-day life*, its pleasures and labours, the instruments of its happiness and of its crimes. You turn to each other with a delight, not however unmixed with sadness, to mark how much the days of man then passed as they do to this very hour. You see the labours of agriculture, — the sower, the basket, the plough, the steers; and the artist has playfully depicted a calf skipping among the furrows. You have the making of bread, the cooking for a feast; you have a flower garden, and a scene of irrigation; you see couches, sofas, chairs, and arm-chairs, such as might, this day, adorn a drawing-room in London or Paris; you have vases of every form down to the *common jug* (ay! such as the brown one of Toby Philpot); you have harps,

with figures bending over them, and others seated and listening; you have barks, with large, curious, and many-coloured sails; lastly, you have weapons of war, the sword, the dagger, the bow, the arrow, the quiver, spears, helmets, and dresses of honour.

“ We next went to visit the tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni. It really is like a scene of magic; the sudden transition from the naked solitude of the silent, unpeopled, scorching desert into chambers, all adorned with brilliant and vivid paintings. Is this a tomb? It cannot be. Come, come, Aladdin, rub thy lamp and order supper; these halls are suited to the banquet and the song: but it is a tomb; these are the chambers of the grave: the embalmed body of a monarch lay here once; or perhaps, ere the decorations of this, which should have been his last long home, were completed, war called him forth, he perished far away, and the piety or superstition of his successor did suddenly suspend the work and closed it up, as he vainly thought, for ever. For whomever it was intended, his life and station, his creed



and priests, did cheat him of the salutary fears of death. Everywhere he is welcomed, not to the tomb merely, but the high heaven beyond it. Isis is, in many places, depicted meeting him with the sweet smile of beauty : alas ! human beauty (and hers is human) smiles not in the grave. She is once represented giving him the sacred tau (the key of life) ; everywhere Arueris, the hawk-headed deity, and Anubis, receive him with reverence ; even Typhon and Nephthé stand awed in his presence ; and when led before Osiris, who is seated on his throne, Isis comes encouragingly with him, and Arueris, behind, seems declaring his titles to the apotheosis accorded. The other scenes on the walls represent processions and mysteries, and all the apartments are covered with them or hieroglyphics. There is a small chamber with the cow of Isis, and there is one large room in an unfinished state, — designs chalked off, that were to have been completed on that to-morrow which never came.

“ We visited a third tomb ; found corridors, passages, a large chamber, a broken sarco-

phagus, a passage, and small apartments beyond. In one there were many inscriptions in Greek and Latin characters, principally names; also those of English, French, and German travellers. I stood long before one of them; it was written in a small neat hand in pencil, and ran thus: '*Ibrahim — post Reditum suum d Limitibus Regni Dongolæ.*' Lamented Burckhardt! long will it be ere traveller like thee be found. How little a man feels himself as he thinks on a life passed like that of Burckhardt, in patient toil, and self-denial, in study without remission, and in the sad and cheerless path of lone and solitary enterprise.

"We devoted another long day to these tombs, and we also visited some others; in two we found broken sarcophagi, and in the dark and dismal passages of one we disturbed innumerable bats; the inner apartments were filled with dirt, and the smell was horrid. The bats flew blindly round, and touched you with their skinny wings, and gave that indescribable cry, which, were they larger, would be a blood-

curdling screech ; and, as you returned back from the inner passages, and caught the light of day at the mouth of the sepulchre, the atmosphere, and they too, as they flew in it, had a pale, blue, unearthly hue. Quite a scene, that Valley of the Kings, for Arabian Fiction to lay her wonders in ; — by the way, the Arabs here, I was informed, did many of them look upon and fear Belzoni, as some mighty magician.

“ Of course while we remained at Luxore, we constantly, according to our bent, visited something, and happily employed our time.

“ Many ruins have I gazed upon — from my boyhood up I loved such scenes ; but none that I know can compare for awful grandeur and sad sublimity of aspect, with those which still look upon the broad Nile when, in the season of his strength, his ‘crowded waters glitter to the moon,’ still watch the season of sowing time, and harvest on his fertile banks, and still, all open as they are to the ‘blast of the desert,’ in strong and proud masses mark where Egyptian Thebes, ‘the world’s great empress,’ — the

terror of other times,' once laughed within her  
hundred gates ! *Jacet obruta !*"

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" In the temple of Dendera, the Sepoy, who served in the expedition to Egypt, fancied that he recognized the very gods he worshipped, and complained to his officers that the sanctuary of his god was neglected and profaned. He saw a square and massive building, a colossal head on the capitals of huge columns ; on the walls, the serpent ; the lingam, in the priapus, the bull of Iswara, in the form of Apis ; Garuda, in Arueris ; Hanuman, in the *round-headed* cynocephalus ; a crown, very similar to that of Siva, on the head of Osiris ; and in the swelling bosom of Isis, that of the goddess Parvati : while, on the staircase, the priests and the sacred ark must have reminded him, *and strongly*, of the Brahmins, and of the palanquin litter of his native country. Many, many forms he must have missed, many, too, have observed, to which he was an entire stranger ; but enough he saw to awaken all the dearest

and most sacred recollections of his distant land and the gods of his fathers, and, for their honour and his own soothing, to believe all that he hoped and wished was the truth.

“ What a moment to have told the Hindoo, — ‘ If these are your gods they cannot, for they could not, save. Nearly 2000 years have rolled silently away, and this temple has stood, as you now see it, forsaken, solitary; no flame of sacrifice on its shrines, no voice of worshippers within its gates: a people, renowned in their day, more ancient than you, better instructed in the arts of peace, more formidable in those of war, once bowed down their bodies in these empty courts; they have perished from off the face of the earth; a remnant, a feeble remnant, was spared; they confess, and, through nearly eighteen centuries of persecution, they have steadily confessed the true and only God. In wretchedness and in poverty, in sorrow, yet with that hope which lightens sorrow, their eyes are fixed on the cross of Christ; darkly they see, brightly shall their posterity see its glories. We know that the

prophets of our God declared that the *idols of Egypt should be moved*, when that nation was, in its generation, wiser and mightier than yours. You see that they have been moved."

"Thus many a British officer might, and must have thought, and may, perhaps, have said. Yet there is danger, say others, in thus striving to enlighten the ignorance and shake the prejudice of the Hindoo: give him no new notions; he is a very useful creature as he is; he eats *our* salt, and fights our battles, and let him live and die as his fathers have done before him; he has as good a chance of going to heaven as you or I: why, the Scripture declarations concerning idolatry we know, and we know that there can be but one God; but I believe\*, and *firmly*, that mercy will be extended hereafter to millions in that name,

\* In a very different spirit, however, from such an objector,—

"The partial light men have,

My creed persuades me, well employ'd may save."

See the golden lines in Cowper's Poem on Truth, on this most momentous of all considerations. I am not, I feel cer-

which they never heard on earth, and that the awe-struck *Christian* may see the *slave*, whom he has used and scorned in this world, enlightened, saved, and glorified, in that which is to come.

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‘ Doing good,  
Disinterested good, is not our *trade* ! ’ ”

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“ From the moment that you leave Ghizeh, until you reach the pyramids, they seem continually near to you ; you would think that you had but a narrow field to cross to reach their base ; you have four miles to ride : they certainly have an awful look ; — everlasting, as it were, compared to any other structure which

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tain, taking any liberty with that passage, when I apply it to men struggling under idolatry and in slavery, who, without the high gifts of the heathen sages, have in patience possessed their souls, and shown “ the work of the law in their hearts ! ” —

“ A flame  
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,  
Derived from the same source of light and grace,  
That guides the Christian in his swifter race.”

you have either seen, or know to exist, or can imagine. But this does not arise, perhaps, so much from their apparent size, as from your knowledge of what that really is, and also from the sublime unity of design, solidity of construction, and the severe simplicity of their once sacred form.

“ He who has stood on the summit of the most ancient, and yet the most mighty monument of his power and pride ever raised by man, and has looked out and round to the far horizon, where Lybia and Arabia lie silent, and hath seen, at his feet, *the land of Egypt* dividing their dark solitudes with a narrow vale, beautiful and green, the mere enamelled setting of one solitary shining river, must receive impressions which he can never convey, for he cannot define them to himself.

“ We passed into its dark chambers, long, gloomy passages ; above, around, all vast masses of stone ; Arabs crowding on us and noisy, and the torches blazing on and throwing a gloss on their bronzed skins : we rested awhile near the broken empty sarcophagus, and then clambered



up a rude ladder, and crawled through a low passage to another chamber; afterwards we went down the well and out through another passage, which leads up and joins the principal one near the entrance. The total descent, from the mouth of the well is 155 feet; two of the shafts are perpendicular; the third having, however, a very rapid inclination. With an Arab lighting you, and muttering something to drive the demons from him, you let yourself down this well, pressing your back against the side, stretching out your hands to steady yourself, and feeling with your dangling foot for the narrow, small, worn niches that scarce give a resting place to the ball of your toe; at length you reach the bottom, and, after looking about you, and pausing awhile, in the gloomy depth, you make your way up a very long passage, catch the light of day, and go gladly forth, — dusty, dirty; faces covered with perspiration from the heat, and blackened by the smoke of torches, we looked as I have seen men look in battle.

“ We returned from our day's ride in silent

delight. They are the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes, says the Grecian; they are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian; an English traveller with a mind warmed, perhaps, and misled by his heart, tells you that the large pyramid *may* have contained the ashes of the patriarch Joseph; and, at least, he displays ingenuity in showing the grounds on which he builds his supposition. It is all this which constitutes the very charm of a visit to these ancient monuments. You smile, and your smile is followed and reproved by a sigh. One thing you *know*, — that the chief, and the philosopher, and the poet of the times of old, men, ‘who mark fields as they pass, with their own mighty names,’ have certainly been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot, has probably stood upon its summit.”

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“The ass of Cairo, even the hired ass, is a lineal descendant of the *Sprightly*, in the

Arabian Nights; a fine-sized animal, with a party-coloured pack-saddle, having a high pommel covered with red leather, on which you may lounge, lean your hand, or suffer your reins to lie. He is provided with stirrups and bridle, half European; away he goes trotting or cantering, the ragged driver running after him and crying, ‘*Taieeb, Signor, taieeb, lashy lee breed*\*;’ whether you do or no, he carries you, winding his way between loaded camels, workmen’s stalls, porters, beggars, crowds mounted, and crowds on foot, in a manner that at first quite puzzles you. It is necessary to have your eyes open and your wits ready, or you will be knocked off by the mountain-load of some camel, or, what might be worse, you would run against a surly Albanian.

“After passing, however, three or four narrow lanes, you get out of Old Cairo, and ride along a fine, and rather a wide bit of road to the new city. Here you may look before and around you, and ask questions. Mounted

\* *Lachez le bride.*

on sleek, beautiful, well-groomed asses, you meet numbers of respectable-looking figures, in their ample and distinguishing robes; the Coptic and Armenian merchants, with dark robes and dark turbans; the Mohammedans in brighter colours, and turbans white, or of shawls. You see mingled with these (we did that very morning) Greek and Latin monks in their blue and black garments, with beards and turbans.

“ There is green corn on each side of you; the city does look, as you approach, like a capital.

“ You enter, and cross the Birket Esbequieh; it is an open, irregular square; the houses on one side lofty, latticed, mean, and out of repair, but novel and picturesque. To the right are the palaces of Ali Pasha, Ahmed Pasha, and other grandees; white buildings, large, with, before one, a small garden, before the others bare walls, but nothing either being or looking palace-like. They front to the street beyond; but are not much better in appearance on that side.

“The castle of Cairo is a fine thing. The pillars in the hall of Joseph and the well of that caliph, are memorials of a prouder period; and, from surveying them, it is common to go and take your stand on the outer wall of the castle, and look out upon the magnificent scene it commands; a noble one it is. Cairo still looks itself; the dark mass of the mosque of Hassan, the many light and lofty minarets which rise above the crowded buildings, the gardens, the trees, the green earth, and the broad river beyond, proclaim aloud (that is, speaking to the eye,) power, beauty, wealth, abundance; and you might again go down and expect to see caparisoned horses and fair structures, stuffs of gold and silver, and the measure of corn heaped up and flowing over into the poor man’s bosom. This you do not see; still, however, you find the narrow streets crowded and busy, a stream of turbaned men, long files of camels, the quick ambling asses of scribes and merchants, here and there a solitary horseman, or a small group perhaps, a wealthy man on a mule, a poor man with the smallest-sized overloaded ass, a party

of armed Albanians, a file of women going to the baths enveloped in their large black mantles and closely veiled, slaves before clearing their path with a cry and a blow, and they raised very loftily, upon saddles high, high above their animals, with one servant leading and one at each stirrup, — nor shape, nor face, nor foot discernible; nothing save the dark flashing of the eye, which, if it will, can smile without the aid of parted lips or dimpling cheek.

“ I must stop for a minute, and confess that I saw no eye of this description, — but such there must be in Cairo. Not an evening but we became silent and listened, as a muezzin, who had one of those deep fine-toned voices you never forget, chaunted out from a lofty minar, not very distant, the solemn call to prayer.

“ We rode one morning to the tombs of the caliphs; they are in a ruinous condition, but must still be very striking objects to the eye of a traveller visiting them from Europe. He who has looked upon the remains of Moorish

magnificence in Hindostan, those vast and costly edifices raised by the Mogul emperors on the plains of Agra, is surprised at the comparative inferiority of these, and indeed all the works of the caliphs.

“ A little beyond the ‘ Victory Gate,’ Osmyn pointed to where under some small tomb, which we could not distinguish among the closely crowded graves, lie the remains of poor Burckhardt. ‘ Nay, you must not go up,’ said Osmyn; ‘ and do not let the people see you looking that way too intently.’ It is just on the edge of that immense desert he was preparing to traverse. Hopes broken, ‘ he fell pale in a land unknown.’ Osmyn was the man whom Burckhardt found in slavery at Djidda, and, by the ready assistance of Mr. Salt, raised from his abject condition, and placed in comparative comfort at Cairo,

“ About four miles from the city we found a small caravan of 500 or 600 camels, collecting for Suez ! Some had already gone forwards, and the rendezvous for that evening’s halt having been named, they were lying idle,

or moving off in parties of ten and twenty into the desert. The scene is very interesting; the character of their journeys, and their customs in travelling, are so opposed, so widely different from any thing with which you can compare them in Europe. The master and the slave are here brought nearly to the same level; the master has a better carpet, a neater pillow, a mouth-piece to his pipe, either of the finest amber, or otherwise richly enamelled, is well dressed, has nothing to do, smokes, and never moves; the slave has a coarser carpet, a dirtier pillow, a wooden pipe, is well-clothed, and has a little, and very little, to do; the coffee which he makes, and the meal which he prepares, he also partakes of. Both sit upon the sand, and encounter the sun by day, and the dew of night. The women sit enveloped in their mantles when halted, and ride shut up in litters of basket-work, covered with cloths and curtained. We saw this caravan at a moment when you might catch every variety of grouping afforded by the acts of loading, cooking, smoking, sleeping; camels without



burdens kneeling to have them fixed; others moving off loaded; groups of families, slaves, servants, children; drivers, armed Arabs, and friends taking leave of each other; their salutations, in this country, are as of old, they fall on each other's neck and kiss. All this seen, and then a thought directed back to the period when caravans of many thousand camels used to traverse the immense deserts of Libya, in which there have been instances of their total destruction, and their sufferings were often very great; and, when they used to be looked for in the khans of Cairo with no common anxiety; a little increases for us the charm of such a passage as—

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‘ In Cairo’s crowded streets,  
Th’ impatient merchant wondering waits in vain,  
And Mecca saddens with the long delay.’ ”

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“ Old Alexandria is gone: a large part of its site is still within the walls, which are extensive, and have been lately repaired and whitened

by the pasha. It is but an inconsiderable corner of the walled space into which the modern city has been compressed; for the remainder, mounds of rubbish and of sand deform it. A few spots have been reclaimed as date-gardens, and have dwellings under their shade; on one small hill flies the Turkish flag, marking the citadel, and on another, is a small work and a signal-station; a few columns lie in the dust; a few fragments of walls, foundations, and houses, (to which the practised eye of the antiquarian at once assigns a purpose, and decides whether Ptolemies, Antonines, or caliphs, ruled at the period of their erection,) amuse your evening strolls; every where troops of houseless, hungry, fierce dogs rush out upon your path, and as you stoop for a stone you pick up *marble!*

“ The old harbour of Alexandria is hardly ever entered or used, save by the grain-boats from Rosetta, which come close up to the mole, and lie there in security. The new was full of vessels; as, in addition to the traders from

the Mediterranean, which are numerous, the Egyptian squadron, with several transports, lay waiting to take on board troops, and proceed with a reinforcement to Candia. To the westward of the city, all along the shore, you may trace the Necropolis; the wave has broken into the Catacombs, with its cheerful voice, and cleansing waters; little grotts are formed under the shelter of a rocky roof; or, in parts, the long narrow niches in which the dead have lain, are filled with the clear and sparkling element, and invite the living to repose in them as in baths formed for their accommodation. Nearly two miles from the gate, in this direction, lies the reservoir called the Bath of Cleopatra. It is a spot which would bear description, if I knew how to give it, receiving its waters from the ocean, through a natural arch in the rock, and having, in addition to its open pool, two or three little chambers or cavernous recesses filled with water; but, though the queen of Egypt may have bathed here, I should rather incline to think that it was a natural bath,

pretty much what we now see it, and perhaps made sacred by the priests of Serapis or Isis.

“ All naked and desolate as are the sand hills of Alexandria, it is a spot replete with interest to the musing mind : one where you may think down hours to moments ; the glory of its great founder and the beauty of its later queen are hackneyed themes. But you cannot turn the page of history, without finding it made the scene of events, the most affecting and memorable. Somewhere on this shore, every morning before they repaired to their learned labours, seventy aged men performed their ablutions, and bowed down before the true and only God. The English peasant in his retired village, the African in his slave-hut, and the Hottentot in his kraal, have reaped the benefit of those labours ; for those men were elders of Israel, and their task that memorable translation of the sacred Scriptures, to which the world in knowledge, in happiness, and in freedom, is so much a debtor. There is yet another picture connected with the history of

this city, which is painted by Gibbon with all the strength of his poetical powers,—the destruction of the magnificent temple of the god Serapis; the colossal statue, the soldier and the battle-axe; the multitude, their awe and anxiety, even the Christian; and the fall of the idol, and the shout, and the burning, and the crowded amphitheatre,—what a scene to recall !”

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# **MALTA, SICILY, ITALY.**

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## MALTA, SICILY, ITALY.

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“ NOTHING can be cleaner or more cheerful than the streets of Valetta; the shops have assumed altogether an English form and appearance. All the Maltese of the better and middling classes, that is, the men, are dressed like the English; the women are still covered with the black stole, and use it as a veil, or rather open hood, for they seldom close it, showing bright eyes and white teeth, but complexions and features far from good: the poor peasants are dressed in blue cotton jackets, and brown caps hanging down behind, like those of all the Mediterranean sailors, and many of the peasants on the coasts. Priests you see in great numbers, and, in general they are well clothed. Also you may observe, sprinkled about among the congregations, in the churches,

a few old men, dressed according to their station and means, but not belonging to the present order of things at all: some of these are powdered; some with their grey hair combed back, and confined by bag or queue; their narrow single-breasted coats, of strange colours and materials, with broad round buttons; knee-buckles, and shoe-buckles, and silk or cotton stockings; men who have outlived their own times and tastes, finding no place unaltered but the church, where they are constant at their masses, and praying, perhaps, with strange tenacity of life, for yet another year of cheerless existence. The churches and *auberges* belong to the old time: the palace of the governor is a fine building, as is the Auberge d'Espagne.\* The view from the ramparts on the eastern side of Valetta is remarkable; you look down on the great harbour, lying (all filled as it is with shipping, and alive with fast-rowing boats,) like a basin below

\* *Aubergeo*, or *Alberg*, is applied at Malta as *Hôtel* in France is to the residence of a noble. Each language of the order had its separate palace.

you : opposite, lies the galley harbour ; the two necks of land, which form it present to you their armed points, and are covered with buildings and fortifications ; and on either side of them are again small narrow bays, in which, now and then, a ship may anchor ; but without a plan, or a very clear head, it is difficult to describe these most secure and strangely formed harbours : pleasant it is to look down on them, and pleasant to row across and up that galley harbour, with the castles of St. Angelo and La Isola towering on either side of you ; and to remark staircases and doors in the living rock, opening on the very sea, so that from many private houses the owner may step into his boat from his own threshold. The dock-yard, with its long shady verandas for the workmen, its trellis-covered rope-walk above, its empty galley-slips, the crowded *borgo*, and the large church, have a character in them pleasing to the eye.

“ The Palace in Valetta has, like others, its galleries and state apartments, and they are

decorated variously : the tapestry chamber is a great curiosity : scenes in Africa and Asia, represented with a fidelity of design and richness of colouring, admirable in its way ; Africans, animals, birds, flowers, all after nature ; the elephant to the life. There is an armoury every way disappointing ; the poverty of the collection, the absence of trophies, save a few swords, maces, a suit of chain armour, and a horse breastplate of scalework, probably Saracenic, has left to the officer charged with arranging the few suits of armour, swords, and partizans, a task not easy, but which he has executed in such a manner as thinly to line the long chamber, and cover its naked sides. I had thought that I should assuredly see here,

‘ Crushed helms and batter’d shields, and streamers borne  
From vanquished fleets.’

“ The knights of Malta, before they became lawless and piratical, had fought the Turk, both in Rhodes and on this very rock, with a

valour, remembering and reverencing which, you tread lightly on their graves; and the pavement of St. John's, the high church of their order, is but one vast grave-stone, all richly worked in mosaic of variegated marbles, with the arms, scrolls, and mottos of the knights beautifully inlaid.

“ In the lateral chapels are some tombs in marble, and in bronze. Here you may see the Turk, and the Moor of Africa, writhing in bonds; the empty helmet; the sword and battle-axe; the warlike galleys of the order. Some of these lateral chapels were formerly of uncommon magnificence, all adorned with the purest sequin gold. Each language had its chapel and altar. I observed that St. George was in that of the Portuguese; while the figure of a saint in silver of so uncommon a name, that I have forgotten it, lay under the altar of the English language. The chapel of the holy sacrament has gates of solid silver. There is an oratory apart from the church, adorned with the richest marbles, and a painting of the

beheading of St. John the Baptist; a subject often repeated in different parts of the church. In the great recess, behind the high altar, is a group of statuary, in white marble; the subject, the baptism of our Lord, by St. John; the figures are colossal, and the distant effect good.

“ Under the high altar is a vaulted chapel; it contains three tombs; they gave me a single taper, and by its feeble ray, glimmering on the pale marble, I saw where Villiers de l’Isle Adam, Valette, and Vignecour sleep in death.”

“ I took a seat on the evening of this day at St. John’s and listened to the ‘ *Gloria in Excelsis*.’ I observed a youth much impressed and affected; and two mariners, Maltese, kneeling and crossing themselves, and looking round the church with an air of great pride,—certainly it is a very handsome, a magnificent place of worship. I remarked on the roof the figures of knights, naked, wounded, and pale, trampling on their surcoats and their armour :

the idea pleased me. I could not but think for a short moment of the scene this church must often have presented; when, on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the repulse of the Turks, the knights came in armour, bearing the victorious standard; and the cannon spake from the battlements; and the solemn *Te Deum* was sung. We rejoice that these things have disappeared, that all monkish institutions are dead, or dying a natural death; but we do not think of the first Hospitallers, the friends of the bleeding pilgrim, without veneration."

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"On the morning of our release from the Lazaretto, led by a pale-faced *cicerone*, mounted on such horses and mules, with such saddles and stirrups, as would have made studies for a comic painter, and surrounded by a number of youths in blue velveteen breeches, jackets of the same, or waistcoats only, white cotton stockings and white cotton caps, differing from your

own nightcap only in the long, bagging end of it, which hangs down behind, we rode up to the site of Neapolis, passing by fragments of ruin, and through green lanes, with fields and gardens of a fat, black soil, and shaded by large and wide-spreading trees. You soon, however, emerge from them, and rise upon the naked point, where, with a rich field at its feet, a small mill to its left, a fountain and reservoir behind it, with an old chapel and a ridge of naked rock to its right, you discover the ancient theatre of Syracuse. Its casing of marble has been taken away, but it is otherwise perfect; its semicircular form, its rows of seats cut out of the rock, all remain, and many of them have been but little worn away in the long lapse of ages.

“The Syracusan, as he sat in this theatre, commanded a view which must have made all appeals to his love of country doubly impressive; the proud citadel of Ortygia and the noble harbour it overlooks are nowhere seen with greater advantage than from this



spot. It was here, perhaps, that they brought those captives, whose lives they spared because they could recite the verses of Euripides, and with swelling bosom and tearful eye sat subdued before them.

“ There passes, above the theatre, an ancient road, hollowed in the rock, which is bordered, for a short distance, by sepulchral grottoes, and is called a *via sacra*. Was it here, then, that Timoleon’s ashes were borne along? Does Archimedes sleep any where beneath these stones? More than probable: and they who stood up and were silent, as the blind Timoleon came forth into the market-place, crowded into the empty benches of this silent theatre to hear those eloquent praises of his memory, to which his own ear was already dull and cold.

“ Come to this romantic spot: this strange-formed and lofty cavern, with sides winding inwards, in a rounded, graceful curve, and with a narrow duct running along its roof, is the ear of Dionysius. You sing, or spout, or laugh, and hear the tones of your glad voice resound in the hollow cave. It has echoed

other sounds; and here by its side,—where, in larger and more spacious caverns, now the makers of small cord and twine with their families and children have found a cool shade and convenient shelter,—here the *Roman* drove in and penned up his *fellow-citizens* of Sicily. While I was standing in the middle of this scene, which, from the bold grandeur of the excavations, is truly fine, a little urchin, the height of my knee, was calling to me ‘*Cenza (eccellenza) guardate che bellissima colonna,*’ and pointed to a square natural column, or huge pilaster, of the rock. I smiled at the little dear, and clearly saw what the traveller must expect to meet with, where stammering toddlers are taught the jargon of *ciceroni*.

“We visited the church of St. Giovanni, and descended with torches into its sub-teranean cemetery. Drear and awful are these long, obscure, and narrow streets, these narrow dwellings among which they pass. A rock-pierced city, built with the scooping-axe; it has been populous, though with silent crowds.

not a bone is left : you look around, and see no end of the long passages ; you turn, and ask to be led again into the bright and warm sunshine. We rode to the Capuchin convent, standing westward from Ortygia, and beyond the site of Acradina. Here is a latomia in the garden, presenting a most picturesque object ; large fragments and masses of the rock have fallen, and plants, and grass, and creepers, have clothed them and it, as painters, travelling with their sketch-books, would delight to find them. We returned by the small galley-harbour, lying also west of Ortygia.

“ In the afternoon of this day I took a boat with two of our party, and we rowed across the harbour to the mouth of the small river Anapus, got out for a few minutes, while our boatmen dragged her over the sandy bar, and again stepping in, were rowed or pushed with poles, or dragged, by catching at branch and rush, far up the stream to where the papyrus plant, a tall, dark-green reed, with a stately top of thin threadlike filaments, bows to the breeze. About half-way you pass a sweet spot, where

the waters of the brook Cyane meet this small river, and quicken and gladden its current as they flow with it to the sea. Long, thick, and beautiful weeds lie waving and glistening on or beneath the surface of the water; and, in a shaded bed of rushes and river shrubs, Anapus and Cyane have made their nuptial couch: of her, they fable that she would have saved her mistress, Proserpine, and threw herself before the car of Pluto, by whom the nymph was changed into a fountain. Some tale of woman's virtue may have been clothed thus. The meadows near are green, and the fields beyond fertile, and the gently-swelling heights at the head of the vale are crowned with olive groves. Theocritus has walked on these banks, and from hence the banished Dion was led back again, with shoutings, into Syracuse. Returning down the stream we went up the right bank, and stood awhile near the two columns of the temple of Jupiter; they are discoloured and decaying. They have seen, in their day, Athenians conquered, and clinging to them for mercy; and they have seen a scoffing tyrant

strip the statue of their god of his golden mantle, and they have seen the god taken from them by the Roman; and they shall yet see, if the lightning spare them, more generations of men pass away, and perhaps the altar of truth and the genius of liberty guarding it, among a free and a happy people. As we recrossed the harbour, heavy clouds gathered on the hills, and muttered in low thunders and hung threatening, but only a few big drops reached us.

“The fountain of Arethusa is no fountain; the traveller does not see it welling forth, but he descends to a spot where the brook, which comes forth in a narrow stream from under one wall, and disappears under another opposite, spreads and forms a little bed. The waters are beautifully clear; and on the smooth stones, in and round it, the Sicilian women wash their linen. It rained when I walked there. I found no washerwomen, but I tasted the water; it was very brackish, and, though clear and sparkling, I could not get the dirty linen or the old

women out of my head, so I gave up the effort of raising the nymph Arethusa, put up a large red silk umbrella, which a young sacristan had lent me at the door of the cathedral, and returned thither.

“ This church is filled with fine fluted columns of the Doric order : on this spot they were raised in the proudest day of Syracuse, and supported a magnificent temple dedicated to Minerva.

“ There is a statue not far from this cathedral, rather a remarkable object, seen from the harbour as you enter and pass under the city ; it is that of a mitred bishop or saint ; but it stands in so bold an attitude, and holds up the crosier with such menacing dignity, that you might mistake it for that of a heathen god ; so that many things in outward and distant aspect carry your mind back to the times that were ; to be sure, the noisy crowds of peasants, in their white night-caps, looking as if they had been called up in the dark to extinguish a fire, and had forgotten to take them off again, and the

swarms of sallow looking priests, of all ages\*, soon chase away the dream.

“ Numbers of the peasants have fair complexions, that is, light eyes and flaxen hair; the latter, of course, the fierce sun of this island soon tinges, and deeply bronzes the cheek, which under English clouds, and in fog and rain, would have proved red as the curly-headed ploughboy’s of our own country.

“ We crossed the plains of Leontium to the jingling of our mules’ bells, and the rude and urging cry of our drivers, fine, stout, cheerful, hardy fellows, walking their forty miles† a day, rapidly and with ease, under burning suns; but they are not like the Spanish muleteer: he stands quite at the head of his own family,

\* The little ten-year-old priests (or even younger you see them) are abundantly diverting; the long robe, the cocked hat, the black breeches, stockings, knee and shoe buckles, cannot overcome nature. To knuckle down in their full canonicals, and dirty their little puds, at some game, or in some gutter, with boys of their own age, is a pleasure yielded to with laughing eyes, and the shrieking merriment of the child.

† They take it by turns, though, to leap on the mule and relieve themselves.

or caste of men, and for costume, his sombrero and his brown jacket without a collar, and the Sicilian's white night-cap, and flying shirt-sleeves; you cannot name them together."

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"Catania is a very fine city; its plan regular, its streets handsome, buildings fine, and were it and they completed, according to the original design, would be truly noble. The Benedictine convent has a character, throughout, of the most princely magnificence; its church is lofty, spacious, even vast; it is adorned with a lavish abundance of the finest marbles; its choir and stalls of woodwork carved, in compartments, with the most elaborate perfection; scenes from Scripture-history in high relief, figures, features, costume even to the minutest points perfect and tasteful; its lateral chapels rich in decorations, and with paintings sufficiently good to produce a general effect of awe and splendour; and they have an organ of wonderful compass and sweetness, the work of a brother of their order, a Calabrian monk, who



lies (*it was his last request*) buried beneath it. The marble staircase leading to their galleries and chambers above, is grand as a monarch could wish. They have a museum, with vases, lamps, bronzes, idols, a Roman eagle!! (did it fly at the head of a legion under Marcellus?) a small statue of Ceres, a Venus of beauty in black marble, a basso relievo in white marble of an initiation into the nocturnal mysteries of Bacchus, admirably executed; the grouping fine, the figures natural, joyous, animated; a thing you admire, but which saddens you. There is a picture of Raphael (they say); I much doubt this, but nevertheless it is beautiful; subject, the Last Supper, the heads, the heavenly mildness, the disciple *sleeping*, long to be remembered.

“ You leave the convent surprised how the monkish system could have ever aimed so high, and satisfied to think that it will fall. I have in my life, been within the walls of humbler and sad convents, where I have been surprised to find myself feeling otherwise.

“ There is an ancient theatre here, a fine

remain, built principally of large square masses of black lava: of its marble ornaments and columns it was stripped by Roger the Norman. There are seats, stairs of communication, vomitories and corridors; the lower corridor is yet entire in its curved length, dark and vaulted. They say, and you gladly let them, that it was here Alcibiades harangued the ancient citizens; and they boast, as they lead you round, that Stesichorus, the father of the chorus, and Andron, who first taught that moving to the flute, which we call pantomime, (such as the serious ballet,) were both of Catania. There is an odeon near this ruin; there is also an amphitheatre, of the time of the Romans; it was destroyed under Theodoric, and its materials have been taken, from time to time, by the Catanenses, as by Count Roger also, to build walls; a fine mass of it is left, with a handsome cornice, a corridor, lateral vaulted dens, and the remains of a duct for water; it is dark, damp, chill; you have a torch; as also, in descending into the baths beneath the cathedral, whither I went afterwards; here you have

large pillars and vaulted roofs ; can trace relief upon the walls, and, as you walk to the dark extremity, hear the rumbling of carriage-wheels above your head. There is one very remarkable thing in these gloomy chambers ; a small, clear, murmuring brook, with a gravelly bed, flows through them ; it hath its source in Etna's bosom, and in its course reflects the sunshine, or takes but the shadow of green trees, as, nourishing their roots, it babbles by. What does it here ? I thought what a comforter it would be to any victim of priestly tyranny incarcerated in these vaults ; and such there may have been, for, when Roger founded this cathedral, and since, priests were powerful and cruel enough to people all dungeons which they knew of, and build others.

“ The cathedral is a large church, and had a painting of Santa Agatha, which made her very beautiful. It is astonishing what a love the populace bear this saint ; her pictures and images are everywhere multiplied, and to the pleasing expression of many of these, little as they would bear criticism, you cannot refuse

an assenting glance. Her statue is erected on a column not far from the mole, overlooking a vast bed of lava, whose course they believe her to have stopped or turned. She rivals the Madonna of modern Sicily; and recalls to you the Ceres of the ancient. There are two drives, one along the mole, and one to the eastward of the town, from both of which you look on masses of black lava, huge, dark, and terrific in the extreme. Small patches here and there are planted with the prickly pear, which forces itself through the rock, and will assist its decomposition. For the other scenery you have fields and gardens smiling on some more ancient flow of lava, which is now a rich soil. You have the broad and swelling base of Etna, clad with a rich garment of God's giving, and above, the awful brow of that high mountain from whence he has poured down his wrath, and still menaces in mercy, that man may not forget the Mighty Being who preserves and blesses him, and asks but the loving and confiding hearts of those whom with a breath he made and can destroy.

"It was the late evening hour, just as the sun had set, while the carriages of the Sicilian nobles and their ladies were pacing slowly along the crowded Corso, that I mounted my mule, and set forth to visit Etna. I passed through the busy scene, and heard chatting, and laughter, and saw the white robes and scarfs of women, and the brows of men sitting uncovered by their sides.

"The road to Nicolosi is a narrow one, of bad, broken pavement, ascending and descending between walls, past cottages, through small towns, and before the gates of churches. It was that hour when the poor sit at their doors, and forget the toil of the day past and of the morrow too.

"It was near ten o'clock when the youth who led the way stopped before a small dark cottage in a by-lane of Nicolosi, the guides's he said it was, and hailed them. The door was opened; a light struck; and the family was roused, and collected round me; a grey-headed old peasant and his wife; two hardy, plain, dark young men, brothers (one of whom

was in his holiday gear, new breeches, and red garters, and flowered waistcoat, and clean shirt, and shining buttons); a girl of sixteen, handsome; a 'mountain-girl beaten with winds,' looking curious, yet fearless and 'chaste as the hardened rock on which she dwelt;' and a boy of twelve, an unconscious figure in the group, fast slumbering in his clothes on the hard floor. Glad were they of the dollar-bringing stranger, but surprised at the eccellenza's fancy for coming at that hour; cheerfully, however, the gay youth stripped off his holiday-garb, and put on a dirty shirt and thick brown clothes, and took his cloak and went to borrow a mule (for I found, by their consultation, that there was some trick, this not being the regular privileged guide family). During his absence, the girl brought me a draught of wine, and all stood round with welcoming and flattering laughings, and speeches in Sicilian, which I did not understand, but which gave me pleasure, and made me look on their dirty and crowded cottage as one I had rather trust to, if I knocked at it even with-

out a dollar, than the lordliest mansion of the richest noble in Sicily.

“ For about four miles, your mule stumbles along safely over a bed of lava, lying in masses on the road ; then you enter the woody region : the wood is open, of oaks, not large, yet good-sized trees, growing amid fern ; and, lastly, you come out on a soft barren soil, and pursue the ascent till you find a glistening white crust of snow of no depth, cracking under your mule’s tread ; soon after, you arrive at a stone cottage, called Casa Inglese\*, of which my guide had not got the key ; here you dismount, and we tied up our mules close by, and scrambling over huge blocks of lava, and up the toilsome and slippery ascent of the cone, I sat me down on ground all hot, and smoking with sulphureous vapour, which has for the first few minutes the effect of making your eyes smart and water, of oppressing and taking

\* It was built by our officers while the British army lay in Sicily, for the benefit of their own excursion-parties at the time, and substantially done as a gift of convenience to all after-travellers.

away your breath. It yet wanted half an hour to the break of day, and I wrapped my cloak close round me to guard me from the keen air, which came up over the white cape of snow that lay spread at the foot of the smoking cone where I was seated.

“The earliest dawn gave to my view the awful crater, with its two deep mouths, from one whereof there issued large volumes of thick white smoke, pressing up in closely crowding clouds; and all around, you saw the earth loose, and with crisped, yellow-mouthed small cracks, up which came little, light, thin wreaths of smoke that were soon dissipated in the upper air.

“This mountain,

‘Her hollow womb

Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps  
And fiery caverns,’

which crumbles to your tread, and burns the shoe upon your foot, do you not fear it? or the God who made it? there does not beat that human heart, which here alone at the dim grey hour of dawn should answer *No*;



but, when you feel yourself earthly, an atom, yet with a soul aspiring to follow the pale stars which, fading, leave you, it is an awe, holy, not slavish, begotten of a love which cannot cast out fear, belonging to a consciousness of deep unworthiness and base ingratitude to the God who, in mercy, did reveal himself to a lost and perishing world; and when you turn to gaze downwards and see the golden sun come up in light and majesty to bless the waking millions of your fellows, and the dun vapours of the night roll off below, and capes and hills and towns and the wide ocean are seen as through a thin unearthly veil, your eyes fill and your heart swells; all the blessings you enjoy, all the innocent pleasures you find in your wanderings, that preservation, which in storm and in battle and mid the pestilence was mercifully given to your half-breathed prayer, all rush in a moment on your soul; silent you are, but your translated silence would be, 'Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man.'"

“ The road to Messina runs for about four miles over a dark barren bed of rocky lava, but the base, or rather the breast, of Etna, is continually in sight on your left. White dwellings, green trees, here and there the broader and loftier front of a country chapel, surmounted with its black cross; and all these objects lying in the sunny bosom of one vast vineyard.

“ I slept at the little fishing village which lies at the foot of Taormina; and, while they prepared my supper, walked up, with the son of my hostess, to visit the ruins. It contains an ancient reservoir, dry, but perfectly preserved; a noble work, and the smallest of the five with which, under the Roman government, this city was adorned. It is situate in a vineyard, the dresser of which gave me a bunch of purple grapes of such size and flavour that it might, in former times, have been laid upon the altar of Bacchus himself. There is also a ruin called a Naumachia, whereof only one long wall is remaining; there is a thriving olive garden in what may have been its basin. But the pride

of Tauromenium once, and of its poor inhabitants to this hour, is a theatre, built where the eye immediately satisfies itself that the rude and early drama was represented by some wandering actors to crowds of its more ancient and simple inhabitants, long before brick and marble, veils, and saffron showers were known to them. The remains of the theatre are very considerable: the outer wall; the scene, with lateral chambers, probably for the movable decorations; and the vacant niches for the numerous statues which once adorned it, may all be seen with a glance. Its admirable adaptation for conveying sounds you may also be satisfied of by hearing the voice of your *cicerone* from the stage, while you are seated at the farther end of the theatre. By the way, he will make you a terrible long speech, if you do not stop him, as I did, at the third line; an uttered word, or the tearing of a small piece of paper, is enough. But the site of this ruin captivated me: I know of none more romantically situated; and this is saying much, when we reflect how attentive the ancients were to

this particular, and how magnificent are the views which, from almost all the ancient theatres I have ever seen, you may command. It stands very high, in a small natural theatre, little larger than itself, which only half conceals it, with a fine screen of rock, broken and pointed in a most picturesque manner. You have, at your feet, a little cliff-protected bay, without cot or boat; raising your eyes, the straits of Messina are before you; turning, you have the southernmost cape of Calabria and the Ionian sea; below, a sweet village; the citadel of Taormina, as you turn again, is not an unpleasing object; that of the little town of Mola hung, like an eagle's nest, on a dizzy steep above, far above; and then, far away, a broad vale, smiling with men's habitations, and the gifts and fruits which bless them; and in the distance, yet close to you, Etna belted with wood, with a lofty yet spreading summit; here white with snow, there dark with its ashes, and breathing forth smoke like unto altars on a high place.

“ I lingered till the sun set.”

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"The museum of Naples is rich in objects of interest to the stranger. On my first visit to it, I lingered in the gallery of ancient sculpture till the gate closed; and in the course of my short stay, and frequent visits to the other apartments of this noble institution, I never passed out without again hurrying to stand for a while before those statues which had won my free admiration, and remain present to my thoughts.

"How is it that the quarried rock, that stuff to which we liken a cold and cruel heart, a pale and stiffened corse, can be wrought into forms of youth and grace and female loveliness? forms still yet in the seeming act to move,—mute, yet with lips that would reply in smiles,—and cold and colourless, yet warm and blooming to the gazer's fancy.

"If I except some few and very few of the *chef-d'œuvres* which I had seen before at Paris, and visited again at Rome and Florence, this collection at Naples, taken as a whole, gave me more pleasure than any I have ever beheld.

“There is a picture of Domenichino's at Naples that lastingly impressed me—an angel, a child, a demon. The angel is represented youthful, his hair in thick and clustering curls; his face fair, his form rounded; his large, dark, and powerful wings half spread, but not for flight: a child, not free from terror or from tears, with his hands lifted and joined as in prayer, stands under this broad wing, and looks up to heaven whither the calm angel points; the demon stoops beneath; hatred and hell are in his gaze. The angel has the look which sixteen summers give to ripening man; but, observe him well, such look ne'er grew from childhood, ne'er decayed with age. It is not beautiful, but calm and passionless and pure; the heavenly light of mercy is on his radiant form; the power of the avenging whirlwind in his dark strong wing: the child, the object of his shielding care, has no graces, no comeliness; he is only represented as a common homely child, terrified and helpless. Such a picture is too full for comment; it might hang in a nursery, and in

after-life the child become a man, and struggling vainly with sin and sorrow, might think, perhaps, upon the guardian angel, and ask a willing Mediator to grant the shelter of that angel's wing. I thought not, at the first glance, so highly of this picture, but, as the subject powerfully struck me, I came again and again to study. It is a volume.

“ The excursion to Pompeii would, of itself, repay the traveller for a longer and more disagreeable journey than that from London to Naples.

“ Pompeii is not *a ruin*, that is, not a monument of crumbling and mouldering decay ; it is only a forsaken city, shaken by the earthquake of the year gone by, or sacked and fired by the armies of our day ; why, ignorant English soldiers, undoubting and easily contented, might still be told that they were in a city destroyed by the French last year, and put into billets, right and left, through its streets ; in a few houses they would find the shelter of a roof, but in all would still have a dry *red* brick wall to put their backs and arms against,

where they might escape the night wind and the driving rain ; and they would only abuse an enemy for having burnt the rafters of the house-tops, and the doors and windows ; and they would disperse in the vineyards, and ramble over the walls, and the streets would again become populous ; and in the forum the sutlers would assuredly establish a market, and officers would vote it a pleasant cantonment ; and but for the ancient theatres, there is nothing about the place which it would puzzle the ignorant to account for in a way satisfying to their own minds.

“ The first image that presents itself to your mind is that of its flying population — the loaded wain ; the staggering ass ; every head with its large bundle ; every hand with its vessels and valuables ; the infant in arms ; the trembling little children holding to the mother’s robe, who has no spare hand to aid them ; and the streaming out of unbraided hair ; and beauty forgotten by its possessor and disregarded by the passer by ; and the mere animally brave man awed and impotent ; and the



philosopher awed, yet alive to all the duties imposed on him, of advising and succouring, ordering and protecting; magistrates and priests and soldiers, all busied and terrified.

‘Revelry and dance and show  
Suffer a syncope, and solemn pause.’

“You stand before their shops, and put your hand on the little counters of marble, one whereof has the stain of a goblet’s bottom; and where you lean hundreds of men have leaned, in their times, to take a drink, perhaps of vinegar and water, a draught common among them, and most grateful to the thirsty. You walk along the raised footway, and mark, in the carriage-road, the worn wheel-track; you cross at the stepping-stones, and think of the lifted toga; you stop at the open spots where streets meet and cross, and look for the damsels who came crowding with their urns to the convenient wells.

“The bakehouse, the wine shop, and the cooks’ shops, exactly similar in plan to those I have seen in Mocha and Djidda, with stoves

and large vessels for boiling and preparing food, are all to be found in this silent city. You pass among the columns of many temples; you enter the hall of judgment, and walk up between its Corinthian columns, and look with suspicion on the raised tribunal, and think about imperial decrees; you go into the theatres, and then on, across a vineyard, to the noble amphitheatre, and ascending to the top, gaze out, and forget every thing but the bright beauty of the scenery; till, turning to descend, you see where the *civilized* Roman sat smiling while the Numidian lion tore the frame of his captive foe, perhaps the brave, the blue-eyed Dacian; or frowning upon his youngest son, who, at his first visit to the games, would look at times pale, and with an eye dimmed by a tear, but not degraded by allowing it to fall.

“ You linger long at Pompeii, and people it, and build up its temples, and replace the statues on their shrines; and meet men riding, (like the Balbi,) and bend with respect to such a matron as the mother of that family, and

look in the garden of Diomedes for the younger forms, and ask whether lutes and musical voices ever sounded there."

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"I saw the pope Leo, twelfth of the name, borne up the aisle in such a procession as belongs only to papal state; the proud cardinals in their robes of white and gold; the pope, borne on a raised seat of state, the Eastern fans of royalty waving near his sacred head; his face pale, and, but for the gentle motion of his hands as he spread them, in blessing, over the prostrate people, looking like a still idol—a lifeless thing, that only trembled from the movement of the bearers. It lived, that thing, and is, by one salutary custom, at this the most intoxicating moment of human exaltation, reminded of its mortality: thrice you see small fragments of light paper burnt before that moving throne, and the solemn warning of '*Sic transit gloria mundi*,' is thrice uttered to the ear of this earthly king of kings. I saw him on his throne behind the

high altar, and his glittering court of lordly priests ; I heard the sweet and solemn singing of a choir of harmonious voices ; in silence the listening ear is mocked by the memory of their tones : I saw each cardinal embraced and blessed by the pontiff, and stooping, kiss his foot ; and mass was performed by the Pontiff himself, in a manner far more reverently than I had ever seen it ; his voice was clear and gravely musical ; his action at the altar calm and dignified ; and when he held up the hallowed wafer, and all bowed down, then, as your own head half bent, in sympathetic reverence, your eye caught a grouping of figures and objects in this vast temple which no words could describe. I went forth with the crowd, and mingled among those on the highest steps. The view of the vast and adorned court in front of this mighty and matchless temple, covered with the multitude which awaits the papal benediction, is a very imposing spectacle. I lost the moment of their kneeling, for my attention was called off by a gentleman near me, and we were looking up

at the balcony above the great door, imagining that the pope came forward to give the blessing, when the appearance of a cardinal, who read, and then threw down two papers of indulgences, told us that all was over; hundreds near the temple had missed the moment, and never knelt at all, and, indeed, in other parts of the square. But the being near where the papers fell abundantly repaid me; the group which seized and scrambled for the tearing did not exceed in number a dozen of the very commonest class of rude rustics from the country, with whom a few fine boys of Rome, of the foot-ball playing age, scrambled, evidently for the fun."

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"I found all the guards civil, even the rough old Switzers. The *guardia nobile* is splendidly clothed; and the young men composing it have most of them served, and are very soldier-like, a thing not generally known, and which makes many look on them, their feathers, and their finery, without notice. Some French and

Italian artists were in the crowd taking likenesses; some Englishmen, here and there, standing bolt upright; either from principle or pride, when every one in the church knelt or bowed at the elevation of the host; and a few English and Italian ladies were placed in a raised seat, not far from the high altar, most conspicuously accommodated.

“ St. Peter’s, however, must be visited and revisited alone. I have been in it at morning, noon, and as the shades of evening dimmed, without obscuring, every object. The confessional of St. Peter, with the lamps which burn around it, placed, as it is, in the centre of the crossing naves of this mighty temple, belongs, in its aspect, so entirely to all that is grand and solemn in the general and most majestic character of the idolatries of all ages and nations, that could you place here the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman of ancient times; the Parsee and the Brahmin, of this, they would fall down and worship; and you feel, as you offer thanks for instruction in that revealed word which gives a spiritual free-

dom to your thought, which permits you, in towns or deserts, in tumultuous occupation or the stillness of the night, to erect an altar in your mind, and raise a temple "not made with hands" above it,—a gratitude which is, perhaps, the sweetest and most satisfying feeling our spiritual nature is capable of indulging. We should all—all of us have been idolaters, but for that light which no man could now have the mental strength to ridicule, had it never shone to give him an illumination of mind for which, in the fulness of his pride, he is not willing to confess himself, as he is, under a vast and increasing weight of obligation."

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"For whom does the bard attune his lyre? the sculptor give forms to the shapeless block? the painter, the colouring and charm of life to the dull brown canvass? Why, not for the gifted few in their respective paths of mental labour; but for you and me, and all mankind.

"It is reading poetry of the highest order,

merely to walk the silent chambers of the Vatican, to enter the still churches and chapels, and to visit the galleries of Rome.

“Many, many I left unseen, and of those I saw, to speak generally, there is only an impression left on the mind, indistinct, but delightful, from which, as some chord in the memory is touched, a vision of beauty, or a brow of sadness, a scene of heavenly peacefulness and calm glory, or of earthly suffering and pale martyrdom, rise and realise to the silent fancy its unutterable workings.”

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“Ferrara is a melancholy city—very melancholy. The two principal streets are long and wide, with a pavement on each side, smoothly flagged, and there are, in one, rows of stone posts, to protect the path of foot passengers. There are numbers of palaces, spacious and many-windowed, with arched gateways below, and proud cornice above. There are long narrow streets in other parts of this fair city; in these the grass grows long,



but the planted foot treads on the hard, round paving pebbles. Monasteries, too, and convents open upon them: but the convent bells are silent; no monk comes forth from the gate; no beggar lies under the wall. There is no hoof-clatter on the paved streets; there are no beautiful women looking from the windows; no handsome horsemen riding by unbonnetted; no ribboned jennets in the court yards; no silken tapestries hanging from the balconies. You cannot but feel sad as you walk about this city, 'whose symmetry was not for solitude.'

"You cannot but think of her holidays and her happiness, her bright eyes and cheerful voices; and in truth, the city looks as if it only wanted its inhabitants back, to resume, in a moment, all its attractions."

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"On the road down to Venice, a gentleman, a Venetian, who was in the carriage with me, bade the driver stop, and pointing across the river to a country palace, the steps of which

descended to the water, made me remark, in a false window, the portrait of a female playing on the guitar; 'That painting,' said he, 'is by Titian; and for the palace, I forget whether it was of the *Falieri* or the *Foscarini* families, I think the former;' and thus it is among sites and scenes which prepare the mind, that you run on, till turning across a barren, dull, and marshy flat, you drive down upon Fusina, and see, some five miles out, upon the still calm ocean, a glittering city, towers, and proud cupolas, and masses of buildings, here brick, there stone, parts lighted by the sun, others in broad shadow; but there are no fields, no hills, or gardens with tall trees, around this city; nothing, but rising on the left, far away, a wall of snowy Alps which bound the horizon with icy solitudes impassable. You look again at the city, surely it is anchored there by magic; a spot for pleasure, and for peace; safe from the trampling war horse; beyond the reach of armies and their murderous engines; it is some heaven-defended isle of freedom.

“Such is the aspect of Venice from the distant shore. Here at Fusina, gondolas are always plying. How strange to the English eye these light, black skiffs, and the awning of black cloth with such tufts as would mark a hearse-boat on the Thames. Maskers and merriment, guitars and beauties, surely they were never borne about in barks so gloomy. Yes, and the barks, in form and furniture, are the only *moving* things in Venice, that look now as they looked in her proud and happy day; the gondolier is not, in garb or song, what you would still expect to find him—not even dressed like a boatman. I have seen them in the old rusted cast-off hats of Italian shop boys, in trowsers or pantaloons, not sailor-like in colour, width, or materials, purchased at some stall of cast-off clothes; the private gondoliers wear liveries, generally narrow made, and shabby. Some of the gondoliers are exceptions, and plain cheerful sailors in look and dress; but there is no costume to mark the race, and our wherry-man at West-

minster Bridge is a more picturesque figure than any of them.

“ The seats and cushions in this coffin-like cabin, are very commodious ; all, however, funereal in colour, yet is there something in the large sliding windows of the richest and clearest plate glass, that has a costly cheerful air.

“ It was a fine, sunny, yet cold day, and my companion drew forward his window to screen him from the wind ; yet was every object seen so clearly, that a water-dog would have leaped through it undoubtingly.

“ It was a season when the waters in all the canals were high, and stirred, and freshened. Except in one small point, where there is a garden, you have nothing to mark summer or winter. I was six days in Venice, and the sun shone brightly all the time : it was any month then that my fancy chose to make it. After a rapid gliding down the Lagunes, we entered this noiseless, gateless city, by one of its narrow water streets, and shot past doors and

thresholds, and the step on the canal's edge, dead brick walls, and out-looking windows. We did not see many persons, and I did not hear any voices; it was a poor, decaying, depopulated quarter; but I shall never forget my delight, as we came out into the grand canal, just at a part where stands that palace, with its strangely ornamented front, all clustering little columns, and pointed windows, gothic-like, and a balcony of stone, and portal, and spacious steps below. 'The name, Gondolier, of that palace?' 'the *Foscari*, signor,' and then he will point right and left of this broad and liquid highway, and utter noble names, and point to noble dwellings. It is a city without any of the sounds that belong to cities. While my dinner was preparing, I set out for St. Mark's Place, got kindly directed through the narrow clean-paved alleys, and soon found myself opposite that unique temple, with its Byzantine cupolas, and glittering mosaics. I walked across, now pausing to look at the noble buildings all around, and the porticoes beneath; now at the tall tower, whose

bell was once a proud state's solemn voice; now, at the rich Gothic front of the ducal palace, as it broke upon me, and the two ancient columns, and the winged lion in the smaller square; and then up to where, in crested pride, on the high front of St. Mark's church, stand those horses, which have looked down on Corinth, Rome, and Constantinople, and which I have seen yoked in my day to a car of victory beyond the Alps, looking down on the capital of Gaul; and now the trophies of the Austrian, won *for him* by the arrayed world, and given back to the Venetian, that he may look daily at them, and think on what he was, and is not. The interior of St. Mark's is a crowded assemblage of columns, mosaics, and reliefs, to which you pass in between gates of brass, and doors adorned with silver. You see pillars of porphyry, and of other precious materials, and a pavement of rude mosaic, in oriental marbles. It is not a large, light, or a grand church within, but it is old, old in its taste and ornaments; such as the Greek artist of the declining Empire would have praised,

and the Moor from Granada might almost have worshipped in, and up to which he certainly would have walked in reverence, and the Arabian with him. In this temple the pavement is of mosaic, but much worn, and its surface is uneven. I like to put my foot on a pavement where I know that mailed warriors have trodden. I like to look round among pillars, and at altars where I know them to have stood, or kneeled unhelmed. Well, the trumpet-breath of triumph, and the guitar of the merry masker, are alike silent.

“ You may walk in St. Mark’s Place at midnight; few, if any, shall you meet; a light or two still glimmers under the long arcades, from some open café, where a drowsy waiter wakes for the chance visit of the gamester, or the libertine in his passage home. I went one night, between twelve and one, to St. Mark’s Place, and this was just the state I found it in. I paced to and fro long and thoughtfully;—all was silent, dark, and sad.

“ The waiter told me, when I mentioned to

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him my astonishment, that I should find it otherwise at many seasons, especially the carnival: 'however,' added the man, 'after all, Venice is not gay, *never gay*.' It is a melancholy pleasure, a gaze at Venice.

"I visited the lifeless arsenal; there are lions in white marble watching or reposing at the gate; one that sat, as it still sits here, a guardian of the Pyræus of Athens, another that couched upon the public path between Athens and that harbour.

"The armoury is poor in old relics, yet it has some curiously constructed weapons. However, it can boast of a suit of armour which Henry the Fourth of France is said to have worn in battle; a sword, too, which that valiant king is said to have wielded. In a slip, near one of the dull, empty docks, there lies a black and broken hulk, her upper works all gone; a something you would look for on a wild, lone beach; a stranded, stripped, abandoned hull:—it is the Bucentaur."

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“ Milan is a fine city ; a great deal of life in it. Its nobles and gentry have the air of a something between the French and English : more grave than the former, more lively than the latter.

“ The *duomo* or cathedral is a magnificent pile of building. I do not know any temple, in the Gothic taste, decorated with so laboured a following up of a rich and fanciful design, though producing an effect regular and symmetrical. A vast mass of white marble, figured out on all sides in relief and tracery, is, of itself, a wonder ; but, covered as it is with all those Gothic-pointed ornaments on the roof, those dwarf spires, each with an angel on its top, supported (as it were) in air ; a light and lofty spire, rising 170 feet above that broad and ornamented roof ; I know of nothing so vast which may be said to be so elaborately curious. Within, it is all space and gloom — 160 columns of white marble ; five naves ; a deep perspective ; a place where the wounded penitent might find solitude for his sobbings. It

has its relics and its precious things to show, like other churches in Italy; but that which most interests in Milan is a very small old church, and the recollection of Ambrose, that humane undaunted prelate. I know on what tender ground I tread, and how inconsistent it may appear, to delight in that wonderful tone of authority which he assumed; but, Ambrose chasing back the Gothic guards from the threshold of this *basilica*; his refusal to go into exile; meeting and turning back Theodosius in the porch of the Temple, and receiving him afterwards in the aisle of the temple, only in the garb and the attitude of penance, is a something so moving, a picture so astonishing, that it seems to realize to our minds the priest and prophet—the law-giver of the oldest and earliest periods.

“About fifteen miles from Milan, on the plain of Pavia, and near to the very spot where he who wrote that he had lost everything, except his honor, was led along on his sweating, drooping battle-steed, a prisoner, is a

famous convent (now tenantless) of Carthusian friars; that prodigal embellishment which you find in the church of this convent, almost fatigues, in examination; to write or to read of it would be more offensive. It is, however, due to the character of its magnificence, to say that there is nothing glittering or tawdry: something the painter has done — something the statuary; but the common ornamental sculptor, and the inlayer of mosaic are the artists to whom the task of adorning this church seems more particularly to have been entrusted. After passing from it through a small cloistered quadrangle, containing nothing remarkable, you are led into a square enclosure, large and airy, round which are the dwellings where the solitary brethren once mourned away their miserable useless lives. Each hermitage has apartments, conveniences, and a little garden; a small sort of bricked court with a plot or two for flowers or something green; a kind of spot to which the recluse, by the crumbs of his loathed meal loose scattered

on it, might lure some passing bird to fly down and feed, and dress his feathers in the sun, and chirp to him. You walk about these houses with a very delighted feeling, to know that they are no longer tenanted; but you look back upon the solitary men who dwelt here with no common pity. The seclusion of the cell, the silent meal, the absence of all personal attachments—how very sad!

“In Milan there are galleries of paintings, and a library, where I saw, at my leisure, some old illuminated manuscript volumes. There are antiquities—churches: you visit, and you tire. There are memorials of another kind; there is a modern amphitheatre, a grand capacious work; but while you stand admiring the idea, and looking down on the arena, and wondering what may have been the exhibitions, your eye is attracted to a deformed figure of a colossal horse, made of wicker and paste-board, standing neglected under an open portico: you go down, and you find also some *bigas*, or war-chariots, of the like trumpery

materials. You are then told that these were the *properties* for getting up the fall of Troy, and the ancient chariot races; and this in open daylight, before six-and-thirty thousand spectators. Harlequin Gulliver would be a performance dignified and rational, compared to such trifling.

“If, however, we laugh here at the poverty both of the thought, and effort to produce illusion, it is not in our power to do so, when we take a seat in the celebrated theatre of La Scala.

“A lover in my youth of the drama and the theatre, I am familiar with all the effects of scenery and decoration. The dazzle of costume; the false sparkling of the eye; the painted cheek, and the groupings on the stage; I had long been tired of these things; but I must confess, that I found myself captivated anew, by a sight altogether surpassing what I have ever witnessed in any theatre. They gave the opera of *Zorayda*; music and singing excellent; scenes and

dresses were more splendid, of course, than reality, either in Constantinople or Cairo, can now, or ever has shown: this was all well;—but the ballet, the ‘*Baccanali aboliti di Roma*,’ opened on me with a surprise, and a stirring delight, and charmed me by a continuing fascination, till the curtain fell. I cannot paint the thing at all. The march of Bacchus exceeded any stage procession I ever saw: the appropriate dresses; the animal-leaping of the satyrs; the animated variety of attitude in the dancing Bacchanals; the vine leaves; the leopard skins; the Thyrsi; the lofty upcurving ancient horns; the Pan’s-pipes; the trill of the timbrels; the clash of the gilded cymbals; the tiger; the goats; the car of the youthful Bacchus; the nymphs; the fauns; the music moving all; and not one in the vast grouping inattentive to his or her part in the picture. It won you, as in dance they came on; some with that fearless inclining forward of the body, as if they leaned on air; others with the head thrown back, and the bare throat swelling

in full beauty; and the waving of the Thyrsi; the pauses and the turns; the bended arms; the statue-formed limbs. It brought before you the grouping Bacchanals in old reliefs on marble baths and vases. I cannot paint the thing, but freely I confess, it gave me pleasure :—

———— ‘ Songs, garlands, flowers,  
And charming symphonies attached the heart  
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
*The bent of nature.*’

“ And so it is; but as I passed home in the dull night, and thought upon those beings, who are thrown on the arena for our amusement, to struggle it against passion warring within, and profligacy assailing without, through the season of youth, and beauty, and peril; and then in a more advanced age, *dancing on* through long years of poverty, privation, and pain, I felt reproved for my censure of the Roman; and doubted much whether the shouting bravo over a soul in danger, would bear a more close examination than the death-decreeing turn of the

Roman's hand as the vanquished combatant looked round for mercy.

“I do not say, close the theatre; but I would that it were, in every land, what it might be, a scene for the muse, for comedy, for song. I would that actors were all placed in circumstances, so protected and secure, that they could live respectably, and die in honour, as numbers do, and have done, in our native country.”

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# SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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## LISBON.

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“ Few scenes can compare with that which feasts the eye of a traveller, who, from the deck of a vessel in the Tagus, first gazes on Lisbon, rising proudly and beautifully above him. The northern bank of the river, on which this capital is built, makes a handsome and sweeping curve throughout the whole extent of the city, which, including its suburbs, covers several hills, rising more or less abruptly from that quarter where its quays, squares, and some of its most regular streets are conveniently disposed. The number of palaces, convents, and churches, which crown this amphitheatre of buildings; the dazzling whiteness of the houses; the light appearance of the windows and balconies; the tasteful arrangement of plants, flowers, and shrubs on their roofs and terraces; the golden orange-

groves which adorn the suburbs; and the stately specimens of Indian or American botany, which are, here and there, scattered through the scene, produce an effect which may be felt, and which may be conceived, but which cannot be described.

“ Boats from the shore soon crowded round our vessel, and I leaned over her side to look, for the first time, at natives of Portugal. The dark-brown complexion, bare and muscular throat, expressive eye, and white teeth, together with the general vivacity of their deportment, strike an Englishman, at first, very forcibly: their costume, too, is, I think, very picturesque. Short petticoat-trowsers of white linen, a red sash, and their legs and arms free and naked, mark very strongly the difference between the boatmen of the Tagus and the Thames.

“ I set forth, with some companions, to devote a day to Lisbon. We passed from the bridge of Alcantara, by one continued street, through the suburbs, to the city.

“ The appearance of every thing around me was so totally novel, that it is impossible for me

to describe the singular, yet pleasing impression produced on my mind. To find myself walking amid a concourse of people, differing in feature, complexion, and dress, so widely from the natives of England; to hear the continued sound of a language I could not understand; was at once strange and delightful. The picturesque dress of the common peasants; the long strings of loaded mules; the cabriolets; the bullock-cars, as rude and ancient in their construction, as those in the frontispiece to the Georgics of the oldest Virgils; the water-carriers; the lemonade-sellers; and, above all, the monks and friars in the habits of their orders: the style of the houses, the handsome entrances, the elegant balconies, the rare and beautiful plants arranged in them, all raised around me a scene which, real as it was, seemed almost the deception of a theatre. In the small square of San Paulo we stopped, and breakfasted in a light, cheerful room, which looked out on the quay. Here, while sipping my coffee, I commanded a view of the noble har-

bour, crowded with vessels; while many pilot and fishing barks, with their large, handsome Latin sails, were coming up or going down the river; and, nearer the shore, hundreds of small neat boats, with white or painted awnings, were transporting passengers from one quay to another, or to the more distant suburbs of Alcantara and Belem. The whole of this picture was lighted up by a sun, such as is only to be met with in a southern climate, and so bright, that it appeared to animate every thing on which it shone.

“ From the quay of the Commercial Square our men sprang into the boats, and our little fleet was soon sailing up the river, under a favourable breeze. It must have been a beautiful sight, for those on the quays and along the banks, to mark our fair array. The polished arms, the glittering cap-plates, and the crimson dress of the British soldiers, crowded in open barks, must have produced a very fine effect. And we, too, gazed on a scene far different indeed, but most peaceful, most lovely. The

northern bank of the river from Lisbon to Villa Franca (about six leagues) presents a continued succession of rural beauties; convents, chapels, and quintas, gardens and vineyards, wood and verdure, cattle and groups of villagers, all blended in bright and gay confusion, arrest the eye and address the heart. Here you saw, in their cool and shaded cloisters, small parties of monks, in the dark and picturesque dress of their orders, observing us as we passed along; there some happy family, parents, children, and servants, would hurry to their garden terrace on the water's edge, and salute us with smiles and *vivas*; while a little further, in the back ground, you might discern some solitary nun, who, from the high and grated casement of her convent, looked out upon the strange and brilliant show, and hastily withdrew."

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"Santarem, like all other cities in Portugal, has its convents, churches, and chapels, the natural pride of its citizens, and the objects

which all idlers and strangers visit. There is little remarkable in any of them. At their university I passed half an hour in conversation with one of the professors. He requested me to read for him a page of Virgil, after the manner of my country. I did so; and returning the book to him, he also read one: no third person could have supposed, that we had been reading the same language. Our pronunciation may, and from habit does undoubtedly sound the richest to an English ear; but theirs is certainly the nearest to the Italian, and perhaps therefore to the Roman. There are not very many students at this college, and as they are almost all educated for the church or the cloister, their studies are entirely confined to theology, and their reading to the perusal of sacred biography, such as the lives of the saints, martyrs, and holy men. As the shades of evening closed in, our column formed in the plain below the town, and commenced its march to Golegão, a large village about four leagues distant.

“ With a small advanced guard I entered



Golegão at the head of the regiment, just as early matin-bell was summoning the inhabitants to prayers. The attendance on public worship throughout Spain and Portugal is extremely regular, and no occupation, or manner of life, is suffered to interfere with this sacred duty. To mass go the muleteers before they load their train; and from the door of the chapel the peasants sally forth to their daily labours. The very changing of night into day, a measure rendered necessary by the extreme heat, carried with it the charm of novelty. I was well lodged, and hospitably treated, in a humble but clean cottage, and with the night again set forward.

“ This march, and the following, our route, which passed by Punhete to Abrantes, led us often for miles along the banks of the Tagus, and through villages built on the very edge of the river. A clear bright silver moon lighted our silent path; not a lamp burning in any of the cottages; not a human voice to be heard; not a sound, save the dull tread of our weary men, and the gentle tone in which the waters

told their ceaseless flow. The moon-beams which played upon the bright arms of our gallant soldiers, shone also on the glistening nets of the peaceful fisherman, which hung spread upon the rocks near his deserted bark. All within these humble dwellings was repose, and their happy inmates slumbered sweetly, unconscious that the tide of war (harmless and friendly indeed to them, yet bearing on its wave not only youth, ambition, and courage, but, perhaps, even ferocity and crime,) rolled, in the dead of night, past the vine-clad walls of their defenceless cots.

“The town of Abrantes is well situated; it stands lofty, and commands the passage of the Tagus, over which, at this point, a bridge of boats communicates with the southern provinces. We crossed the river, and occupied for one night a camp of standing huts, formed many weeks before by some division of our army, which had halted in that neighbourhood. At sunrise the following morning we were again in motion, and marched onwards to the village of Gaviao. Our road led, in part,

through plains covered with gum cistus in flower, the frail leaves of which are remarkable for their delicate whiteness; and in part, over uplands all clothed with heath, but a heath so rich in the variety, the beauty, and the fragrance of its plants, that the traveller forgot, or forgave, the absence of the corn-field, the vineyard, and the cottage.

“ As the chill dews of evening were descending on our bivouack, near this last village, a staff-officer, with a courier, came galloping into it, and alighted at the quarter of our general. It was soon known among us, that a severe and sanguinary action had been fought by our brother soldiers at Talavera. Disjointed rumours spoke of a dear-bought field, a heavy loss, and a subsequent retreat. I well remember how we all gathered round our fires to listen, to conjecture, and to talk about this glorious, but bloody, event. We all naturally regretted that, in the honours of such a day, we had borne no share; and talked long, and with an undefined pleasure, about the carnage. Yes, strange as it may appear, soldiers, and not they alone, talk of the slaughter of battle-fields, with a sensa-

tion, which, though it suspends the lively throb of the gay and careless heart, partakes, nevertheless, of pleasure. Nay, I will go farther : in the very exposure of the person to the peril of sudden and violent death, cureless wounds, and ghastly laceration, excitement, strong, high, and pleasurable, fills and animates the bosom : hope, pride, patriotism, and awe, make up this mighty feeling."

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"We bivouacked daily. It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards paraded and posted, and, in two minutes, all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire-places ; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers : some dressing ;

some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village, laden with bread, or, from some flock of goats, feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork-tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet, and sat down with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. I was glad to move and dwell amid the grandest scenes of nature remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and, sometimes, her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home: her rivers, streams, and springs, cooled my brow, and allayed my thirst. The inconvenience of one camp taught me to enjoy the next; and I learned (a strange lesson for the thoughtless) that wood and

water, shade and grass, were luxuries. I saw the sun set every evening ; I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty, and I felt that my very existence was a blessing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpetted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from infancy familiar."

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"As we forded the river Elga, which, on the road we were marching, divides Portugal and Spain, I promised myself much pleasure from seeing a town inhabited by Spaniards, whose language, manners, customs, and dress, I knew, differed widely from the Portuguese, and were, from national pride, kept quite as distinct on the frontiers as elsewhere. Our column passed close to the town of Zarza, and

took up its ground on a bare, rocky eminence, about a mile in front. Not a soul came out to meet us, not a soul followed us to our bivouack. All was still as at midnight, yet the noon-day sun shone fiercely down. No sooner was my regiment dismissed, than I hastened into the town, and entered it among the first. The streets were deserted, and the houses barred; the church alone stood open, but the plate from the altar and the contents of the sacristy had been removed. The market-place indeed was fast filling with our Spanish muleteers, and, from their dress and language, you might almost have fancied them inhabitants; but you looked around in vain for women and children to favour this illusion: the sound of their soft and innocent voices was nowhere to be heard; and in the unmoved features of our muleteers, you could not trace the anxious feelings of the husband and the father. I passed out of the town by a narrow lane, which led towards some gardens; as I walked slowly on, full of thought, my eye was attracted by the sight of a pair of castanets, which, dropped in the hurry of flight,

lay directly in the path : to how much of innocent delight, youthful pleasure, and parental pride, had these little symbols of happier and more tranquil times been witnesses !— Oh ! England—thou enviable spot—thou ‘ precious stone set in the silver sea,’ from how many of the evils of war do thy rocks and waves protect thee !—I turned aside into a garden, and saw a peasant at the further end of it, who, on perceiving me, fled, and would have concealed himself : I overtook him, and reassuring him by my voice and manner, he became communicative. From him I learnt, that the inhabitants of Zarza had expected the French that morning, and, dreading their arrival, had all fled in the course of the night, some to Alcantara, others to the woods and mountains. I purchased some very fine musk and water melons from this peasant, paying him a trifle more than their value, which appeared to excite very strongly both his astonishment and gratitude.

“ The scene of this morning made a deep and lasting impression on me. It is true that



I have since witnessed horrors, which might well have taught me to think lightly of an occurrence, which I afterwards found was not uncommon ; but first impressions are too powerful to be ever forgotten. The greater part of this day, too, the thermometer had been from ninety-five to ninety-eight, another reason for remembering Zarza and the scorching unsheeltered bivouack. One of our camps, on our return, was formed on ground the most wild and picturesque. Half way between Villa Velha and Niza, the road winds through a deep and narrow valley, inclosed on all sides by rudely shaped and rocky hills ; through it flows a small streamlet, descending from the heights in the rugged channel of a wintry torrent, and faintly marking out its course with a silvery thread of the purest water. Here, at night-fall, after being nearly eighteen hours under arms, we halted : the heights ascend on all sides of this little vale so steep and perpendicular, that it is impossible to preserve any regular formation, and the men were dispersed in groups all up the hills. I and my

companions spread our cloaks and kindled our fire upon a rocky ledge, close to the top of that ravine down which the rivulet fell, and thus we overlooked the whole encampment. The short dry brushwood, though it made bad fires, sent forth bright and beauteous flames, and the sudden and magic illumination of this rude and warlike scene may be conceived, but, I feel, it is impossible to describe it. The fitful glare which gave to view the groups of soldiers, here only showing the dark outlines of human figures, and there throwing a fiery light on their arms, their dress, and features, the glow reflected from the stream, and the dark, lofty masses of hill and rock in the back ground, formed a noble picture not to be described."

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"The countenance of the Spaniard is noble, his stature tall, his walk erect, his deportment haughty: his manner of speaking varies greatly; it is generally grave and solemn, but on points of *deep interest* and feeling, is animated beyond expression. There is very great variety in the

costume of Spaniards, for the natives of each province are readily distinguished by their dress, and, when you see an assemblage of men from various parts of Spain, the effect is very striking. The market-place of Badajos, which, at the time I saw it, was crowded with strangers, had all the appearance of a picturesque and well arranged masquerade. The different modes of dress, ancient, and not liable to daily changes, are, no doubt, the same they were four centuries ago.

“ The Estremaduran himself has a brown jacket without a collar, and with sleeves, which lace at the shoulder, so that they are removed at pleasure. The red sash is universally worn, and a cloak is generally carried on the left arm. A jacket and waistcoat profusely ornamented with silk lace, and buttons of silver filigree, the hair clubbed, and tied with broad black ribbon, and a neat cap of cloth, or velvet, mark the Andalusian. The ass-driver of Cordova is clothed in a complete dress of the tawny brown leather of his native province.

“ The lemonade seller of Valencia has a linen shirt open at the neck, a fancy waistcoat without sleeves, a kilt of white cotton, white stockings rising to the calf, and sandals. Muleteers, with their broad body-belts of buff leather, their capitans or train masters, with the ancient cartridge belts, and the old Spanish gun, were mingled in these groups. Here, too, were many officers and soldiers of the patriot armies, which, raised in haste, were not regularly or uniformly clothed, if I except some of the old standing force. Of these, you might see the royal carabineer, with the cocked hat, blue coat faced with red, and, instead of boots, the ancient greaves, of thick hard black leather, laced at the sides. The dragoon, in a uniform of yellow, black belts, and a helmet with a cone of brass. The royal, or Walloon guards, in their neat dress of blue and red, with white lace: the common soldier in brown. Mingled with these was the light-horseman, in a hussar jacket of brown, and overalls capped, lined, and vandyked at the bottom with tan leather; here, again, a peasant with the cap and coat

of a soldier ; there, a soldier from Navarre, or Arragon, with the bare foot, and the light hempen sandal of his country. There was a pleasure I took in the contemplation of these scenes, which the deep interest I felt in the fate of the unfortunate Spaniards, very greatly enhanced.

“ I wandered about the town for some hours, and walked in the evening on their alameda, or promenade. Here I saw several fine and beautiful women. The dress of the Spanish lady is remarkably elegant, and generally adorns a very perfect shape. Black is the universal colour, and the robe is most tastefully worked and vandyked. A mantilla, or veil of black silk or lace, and sometimes of white lace, is thrown over the head, and, leaving the face uncovered, falls gracefully over the shoulders, and is confined at the waist by the arms of the wearer. They are both expensive and particular in dressing their feet with neatness, and their little shoes fit closely. The large black eye, the dark expressive glance, the soft blood-tinged olive of the glowing com-

plexion, make the unwilling Englishman confess the majesty of Spanish beauty; and he feels that though the soft blue eye and delicate loveliness of his own countrywomen awaken more tender feelings of interest, he would deny, or dispute, in vain, the commanding superiority of these dark-eyed and fine-formed damsels. The gentlemen and noblemen who walked with them had nothing striking in their appearance: the cocked hat was universally worn, and their dress in other respects, resembled that which the French wore some thirty years ago. I turned with much satisfaction to a group of English officers then passing, who were all fine-looking young men; and I observed several Spaniards of the middling and lower classes (the true and proper samples of that people), drawing comparisons between them and their own degenerated hidalgos, very greatly to the advantage of my countrymen.

“ I left the town highly gratified with all I had seen and heard, yet somewhat disappointed that I had not, with all my watching and

loitering near his quarters, succeeded in catching one glance at Wellington, whom at that time I had never seen. My comrades had again found a garden near the bivouack; and after a very delightful evening I lay down on a mat, spread for me by one of the gardeners, without even a cloak, and composed myself to sleep. Such is the climate of Spain."

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"Our village was a collection of mud cottages, not a tree near it, and looked, as we approached, poor and mean: we were, however, very agreeably surprised on entering it. The dwelling of the Spanish peasant is very clean, and owing to the extreme thickness of the walls, and the smallness of the windows, delightfully cool. I got a comfortable little room, with a good bed, two or three of the little low chairs, and the small low table of the country. The poorer Spaniards sit very low, and their food is spread on a table still lower, a custom very ancient and very inconvenient.

I however thought myself in high luck to be lord of this little sanctum,\* and generally retired to rest too much fatigued to find fault with my thick hard matrass and my coarse though white sheets.

“ The life of the Spanish villager is simple, and not without its pleasures. He rises early, and after mass goes forth to labour : a bit of dry bread and a few grapes, or a slice of the water-melon, supply his breakfast : a plain dish of vegetables, generally a sort of bean, boiled with the smallest morsel of bacon to flavour it, forms the dinner ; and their drink is water, or the weak common wine of the country. They invariably, whether in their houses or in the fields, take their siesta after dinner, and proceed again to labour in the cool of the evening. In the front of their cottages you may almost always see low benches of stone : on these, after supper, they seat themselves to smoke their segars ; and here, surrounded by their families, they frequently remain till a late hour, enjoying the refreshing air of night,



and all the luxury of that calm and lovely season, so grateful and reviving in their warm climate.

“ How often have I stood apart and gazed on these happy groups; how often have I listened to their pleasing ditties, the pauses and cadences of which they mark so feelingly, yet so simply, with the light guitar !

“ Oftentimes too, when the moon shines brightly, their youth will meet together, and by that soft light dance to the cheerful sound of the merry castanets, the rude but sprightly fandango, or the more graceful bolero of their country.

“ Some of their customs in husbandry are very ancient; among others, the treading out of their corn with cattle, instead of threshing it. This is all done in the open air, where the grain is afterwards spread to dry and harden; oxen or mares are used for this purpose, and you may see five or six at a time trotting round in a circle, upon the out-spread wheat in straw. This practice obtained in the very earliest ages of the world, and one cannot

therefore look upon it, without awakening in the mind a train of the most interesting recollections."

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"I made an excursion from our cantonment in this village to the town of Merida, a place of some note, situated on the Guadiana, about four leagues in front of us. Myself, a friend, and an acquaintance from another corps, who has long since been numbered with the slain, set off at an early hour, and after a pleasant ride of two hours, reached Merida. We procured a billet for the day, as a place of retreat; and immediately after breakfast, though the mid-day heat was scorching and oppressive, walked forth to see those monuments of antiquity for which Merida is celebrated. This city was founded by Augustus, and the lands around it were granted by him to the veterans of some disbanded cohorts, who had long and faithfully served the empire.

"On entering Merida, you pass the Guadiana by a handsome stone bridge of Roman

architecture, and in the highest state of preservation ; above it, on ground the most elevated in the city, stands a Roman castle, the venerable walls of which, though rough and discoloured, or rather, coloured by the touch of time, appear secure and undecayed. These antiquities, of themselves, would have well rewarded our visit, for the design of them had probably been given by some celebrated Roman architect eighteen centuries before ; and conquered Spaniards, from whose hands the shield and the sword so long, but so vainly, opposed to their invaders, had been reluctantly dropped, were employed, perhaps, in raising these monuments of the greatness, the power, and the genius of their victors. Such was the policy of the Romans : they always thus, by the erection of public works of magnificence and utility, while they recorded their own triumphs, gild over the very chains they imposed, and made their provincial subjects feel proud even of dependency. Merida had its amphitheatre, its naumachia, its baths, its triumphal arches, its temples and votive altars.

“ In a plain near the city are very grand and striking remains of the amphitheatre. Its form, except in height, is still preserved; the seats appear quite perfect; the vaulted dens where the beasts were confined, and which open on the arena, are uninjured, and their arched roofs are strong as ever; the whole building is of stone, and the Roman cement used in its construction, is as hard, and seems to have been as durable, as the stone itself. Not very distant, you distinctly trace the naumachia; and the low stone channel or conductor, by which the hollow space or basin was filled with water, may still be seen. Crowded on the seats of this amphitheatre, or pressing round the sides of the naumachia, you may still fancy the haughty legionaries, and the wondering Spaniards, gazing on the magnificent exhibitions of those splendid ages.

“ As you pass from this scene towards the town, you are struck by the lofty and picturesque ruins of two aqueducts; one erected by the Romans, the other built by the Moors.

“ Here, on this very spot, had the Roman

eagle been displayed in the day of its pride and glory; here, Roman knights and soldiers, men born perhaps on the banks of the Tiber, and educated in imperial Rome, whose familiar language was that in which a Cicero wrote and a Virgil sung, and who had served and fought in Greece and Asia, laid down their helm and cuirass, and claimed their hardly-earned reward.

“ Over the same plain had the rude and unlettered Goths moved as conquerors, till in turn the haughty and glittering crescent rose o’er their drooping banner, and countless Moors, known by their snowy turbans, and silken vests, borne on the fleet coursers of Africa, and brandishing their curved falchions in all the insolence of triumph, rode shouting to those walls which an Augustus had built, and over which a Trajan had once held sway.”

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“ April, May, and June we remained stationary. There is not a rock, a mountain, a stream, an orange garden, a chapel, a shrine,

or a cross near Alegrete, but I know and recollect, and can recall them all. At this very moment that I am writing, at the distance of nearly seven years, I can summon before me the fort, the church, the square, the old priest, the peasants, their wives, their children. We had become quite domesticated among them; they liked our men, and they were both kind and respectful to the officers. Fond of passing my mornings alone, each day I took my solitary ride or ramble.

"In one of my walks here, after wandering along the rude and pathless banks of a clear mountain stream, which now leaped, now run, now rippled, now smoothly flowed along its ever-varying bed, I arrived at a small romantic chapel, such a one as you often find in the Peninsula, a league or more from any human habitation. In the shade, near the door, I observed a small basket, apparently filled only with the most beautiful flowers; I approached to take one; — when stooping, I beheld a lovely infant about a year old: it was dressed prettily and tastefully; though pale, I thought it slept, for

its paleness did not appear as of death ; it was, however, cold and lifeless, yet it had nothing of the corpse, nothing of the grave about it. I kissed its delicate fair face, and thought, not without a sigh, on its parents. A voice startled me, and, turning, I beheld a decent-looking peasant woman, with an old man, and two or three children from ten to fifteen years of age. — ‘ Are you the mother of this babe ? ’ said I ; ‘ Yes, Senkor.’ ‘ I pity you from my heart.’ — ‘ How so, Senhor ? To have borne and buried a Christian, without sin, I look on as a blessing, and I praise the Holy Virgin that she has vouchsafed to take him to herself.’ — I gazed earnestly at the woman. Was this insensibility ? or was it enthusiastic reverence for, and pious resignation to, the will of God ? — I decided for the latter ; for I saw her bend over her child with an expression of countenance rapturously affectionate. I knelt down, once more, to read its innocent features. — Yes, there was the charm : remorse, fear, and doubt, could not be traced there. All was innocence and purity and truth. — ‘ Your child,’ said I, ‘ my good woman, is perhaps ere

now in heaven.' 'Senhor, you cannot be a heretic?' 'No, I am a Christian.' 'Ah, you must be a Christian; I thought so, but the priest said you English were all heretics.' So much for priests and peasants."

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"In one of my rides, about two leagues from the cantonment, as I was stopping to water my mule in a mill-stream, I heard on the opposite bank the sound of voices, loud and cheerful as in song, and, at intervals, a note of the guitar. Riding forward through the trees, I soon came upon an open green, where I found about a hundred villagers, assembled near a small chapel to celebrate the festival of San Domingo. The mass was over, and they were all seated on the ground, refreshing themselves with cakes and wine. They were in their holiday dresses, and those dresses were for the most part exceedingly picturesque. At my first appearance there was a dead silence; they looked as if they dreaded some news which



might break up their happy meeting ; or, at all events, as if they knew me for an Englishman, and disliked my intrusion ; but when I dismounted, and throwing myself on the ground among them, asked to be allowed to share their mirth and happiness, no words can describe their delighted cordiality. I had so accustomed myself to converse with the peasantry, that we soon became familiar, and I passed with them six very pleasant hours. After their light repast, the best of which was spread before me and a Capuchin friar, they rose to dance ; and though there was nothing graceful in their style of moving, still the total novelty of the picture, the dresses, the singing, the guitars, the cork-trees, and the chapel, produced a very pleasing effect ; and could the curtain of Drury-lane rise and discover such a scene and such a group, the applause would know no bounds."

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" On the twenty-sixth we again moved, forded the Mondego, climbed the lofty Sierra de Buzaco ; and found ourselves on the right

of Wellington's army, and in order of battle. Our position extended nearly eight miles along this mountainous and rocky ridge; and the ground on which we formed, inclining with a slope to our own rear, most admirably concealed both the disposition and the numbers of our force. My regiment had no sooner piled arms, than I walked to the verge of the mountain on which we lay, in the hope that I might discover something of the enemy. Little, however, was I prepared for the magnificent scene which burst on my astonished sight. Far as the eye could stretch, the glittering of steel, and clouds of dust raised by cavalry and artillery, proclaimed the march of a countless army; while, immediately below me, at the feet of those precipitous heights, on which I stood, their picquets were already posted: thousands of them were already halted in their bivouacks; and column too after column, arriving in quick succession, reposed upon the ground allotted to them, and swelled the black and enormous masses. The numbers of the enemy were, at the lowest calculation, seventy-

five thousand, and this host formed in three distinct and heavy columns; while to the rear of their left, at a more considerable distance, you might see a large encampment of their cavalry, and the whole country behind them seemed covered with their train, their ambulance, and their commissariat. This, then, was a French army: here lay, before me, the men who had once, for nearly two years, kept the whole coast of England in alarm; who had conquered Italy, overrun Austria, shouted victory on the plains of Austerlitz, and humbled, in one day, the power, the pride, and the martial renown of Prussia, on the field of Jena. To-morrow, methought, I may, for the first time, hear the din of battle, behold the work of slaughter, share the honours of a hard-fought field, or be numbered with the slain. I returned slowly to the line; and, after an evening passed in very interesting and animated conversation, though we had neither baggage nor fires, we lay down, rolled in our cloaks, and with the stony surface of the mountain for our bed, and the sky for our canopy,

slept or thought away the night. Two hours before break of day, the line was under arms ; but the two hours glided by rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by the discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musquetry. We received orders to move, and support the troops attacked : the whole of Hill's corps, amounting to fourteen thousand men, was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in steady double quick, and in the highest order.

“ When within about a furlong of one of the points of attack, from which the enemy was just then driven by the seventy-fourth regiment, I cast my eye back to see if I could discover the rear of our divisions : eleven thousand men were following ; all in sight, all in open column, all rapidly advancing in double quick time. No one, but a soldier, can picture to himself such a sight ; and it is, even for him, a rare and a grand one. It certainly must have had a very strong effect on such of the

enemy as, from the summit of the ridge, which they had most intrepidly ascended, beheld it, and who, ignorant of Hill's presence, thought they had been attacking the extreme of the British right. We were halted exactly in rear of that spot, from which the seventy-fourth regiment, having just repulsed a column, was retiring in line, with the most beautiful regularity, its colours all torn with shot. Here a few shells flew harmlessly over our line, but we had not the honour of being engaged. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field was carried past me, at this moment; he was a fine young Englishman, in the Portuguese service, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon-shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead; but he spoke not—his agony appeared unutterable. I secretly wished him death; a mercy, I believe, that was not very long withheld. About this time, Lord Wellington, with a numerous staff, galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill, immediately in front of our corps; I

therefore distinctly overheard him. 'If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge bayonets; but don't let your people follow them too far down the hill.' I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly, and breathing *no doubt* as to the repulse of any attack. The French, however, never moved us throughout the day; their two desperate assaults had been successfully repelled, and their loss, as compared to ours, exceedingly severe. From the ridge, in front of our present ground, we could see them far better than the evening before; arms, appointments, uniforms, were all distinguishable. They occupied themselves in removing their wounded from the foot of our position: but as none of their troops broke up, it was generally concluded that they would renew their attacks on the morrow. In the course of the day, our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to

shake hands with each other. One private, of my own regiment, actually exchanged forage-caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good-will. Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften the horrid features of war; and it is thus we learn to reconcile our minds to scenes of blood and carnage. Towards sunset, our picquets were sent down the hill, and I plainly saw them posted among the corpses of those who had fallen in the morning. Nothing, however, immediately near us, presented the idea of recent slaughter; for the loss, on our side, was so partial, and considering the extent of our line, so trifling, that there was little, if any, vestige of it: not so the enemy's; but as they suffered principally on their retreat down the hill, their slain lay towards the bottom of it; from whence, indeed, they had been removing their wounded.

“The view of the enemy's camp by night far exceeded, in grandeur, its imposing aspect by day. Innumerable and brilliant fires illuminated all the country spread below us: while

they yet flamed brightly, the shadowy figures of men and horses, and the glittering piles of arms, were all visible. Here and there, indeed, the view was interrupted by a few dark patches of black fir, which, by a gloomy contrast, heightened the effect of the picture; but, long after the flames expired, the red embers still emitted the most rich and glowing rays, and seemed, like stars, to gem the dark bosom of the earth, conveying the sublime idea of a firmament spread beneath our feet. It was long before I could tear myself from the contemplation of this scene. Earnestly did I gaze on it; deeply did it impress me; and my professional life may never, perhaps, again present to me any military spectacle more truly magnificent. Every one was fully persuaded that the morning would bring with it a general and bloody engagement. Our line was in a constant state of preparation: the men lay, with their accoutrements on, in a regular column of companies, front and rear ranks head to head, and every man's firelock by his side. As early as three o'clock we were roused,



and stood to arms, at our posts. In a sort of gorge, between two of those rude misshapen ridges of rock which rise on the Sierras, my regiment was stationed, with another battalion. This gorge was considered one of the most vulnerable points of the whole line; and it was thought that the main efforts of the enemy would be directed against it. At about half past four, the picquets sent word that the enemy was getting under arms: the picquets were immediately and silently withdrawn, and one staff-officer remained on the look-out. About five, he came quickly up: and, as he passed the commander of our line, said, 'Be prepared, sir; they are certainly coming on. A very heavy column has just advanced to the foot of the position, and you may expect an attack every moment.' My bosom beat quick, very quick; it was possible, that the few minutes of my existence were already numbered. Such a thought, however, though it will, it must, arise, in the first awful moment of expectation, to the mind of him who has never been engaged, is not either dangerous or

despicable, and will rather strengthen than stagger the resolution of a manly heart. And now, thought I, as the first note of an enemy's trumpet struck my ear,—now they come: but no; it ceased, that thrilling sound, and proved only a parley, with a flag of truce, to deliver some trifling message. The sun shone forth, but not on a field of blood; the French columns returned to their ground, and appeared, throughout the day, to busy themselves in hutting: towards evening some of them were seen moving, and, at midnight, it was ascertained, that they were all in motion, to turn our right.”

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“My pen altogether fails me,—I feel that no powers of description can convey to the mind of my reader, the afflicting scenes, the cheerless desolation, we daily witnessed on our march from the Mondego to the lines. Wherever we moved, the mandate which enjoined the wretched inhabitants to forsake their homes, and to remove or destroy their little

property, had gone before us. The villages were deserted; the churches, retreats so often, yet so vainly confided in, were empty; the mountain cottages stood open and untenanted; the mills in the valley, but yesterday so busy, were motionless and silent. We bivouacked on the 4th of October, near Thomar: the neighbourhood of this place is exceedingly pretty, and the town itself regularly built, and beautifully clean. It had counted, a few days before, a population of nearly 4000; the morning we entered it, a few hundreds only remained, and these were fearfully hurrying their departure.

“There was a remarkably fine convent in this town, of the order of Christ, richly endowed, and very superb in its church, buildings, and every thing connected with its establishment. I had no occasion to ask for admission; I followed a group of noisy muleteers, who had chosen it for their night's lodging, and whose mules were already drinking out of the marble fountain, or trampling over the neat garden, round which ran handsome, high-

arched, and echoing cloisters,—yesterday responsive only to the pacing of some thoughtful monk, now resounding with the boisterous laughter, and coarse jests of rude, merry muleteers. In the kitchen some lay servants of the convent yet lingered, and the table in the refectory was covered with the crumbs of the last meal, which the banished fathers had that morning partaken of. The church, however, large, magnificent, and gloomy, still inspired reverence and awe; and the muleteers, who walked thither with me, sunk into silence, and crossed themselves, as they knelt before the high altar, round which lamps, trimmed by some pious hand, were yet burning. The streets through which I hastened back to my home, (for cannot a tent become our home?) had an air of loneliness, quite oppressive to the heart: no one stood on the thresholds,—no face looked from the casements,—not a voice was to be heard.

“The flanks of our line of march from this place were literally covered with the flying population of the country. In Portugal, there

are, at no time, many facilities for travelling, and these few the exigencies of the army had very greatly diminished. Rich indeed were those in good fortune, as in possession, who still retained a cabriolet and mules for its service. Those who had bullock-cars, asses, or any mode of transporting their families and property, looked contented and grateful; for respectable men and delicate women, of the second class, might on every side be seen walking slowly and painfully on foot, encumbered by heavy burthens of clothes, bedding, and food.

“ We bivouacked near Santarem on the evening of the sixth. Crowds of the inhabitants, who, till our arrival, were unwilling to believe that the enemy would be suffered to penetrate so far, were now, with a silent and mournful activity, preparing for flight. I walked slowly towards the house where I had been once so hospitably treated: the doors were barred; the casements shut in; the kind-hearted owner had forsaken it. I climbed the garden wall, and saw beneath it the plants and

flowers, of which himself and his good wife had appeared so proud, arranged as he had probably left them not two days before, and bearing evidence of his latest care.

“ I returned to the camp by a circuitous path, which led across a vineyard. Here the order had suddenly broken in upon and suspended the cheerful labours of the vintage. In one part the vines were yet teeming with fruit; in another, large heaps of grapes gathered, but not carried to the wine-press, lay, deadening in the sun, with baskets half-filled near them; and the print of *little* feet between the vine-rows showed that children had been sharing the light and pleasing toil, which at that happy season employs their parents. On the following morning our columns traversed the city, and, descending into the Lisbon road, continued their route.

“ Immediately below the town the bank of the river was crowded with fugitives, waiting to be transported across, and the most affecting groups of families sat weeping on the ground. I well remember a serious thought-

ful-looking man, of about fifty, seated on a horse, and carrying before him a very aged mother, who had been bedridden for many years, and who lay upon his arm so helplessly, and with an aspect so pale and withered, that you might have thought the grave had yielded up its dead. Here monks, gentlemen, peasants, and mendicants, were all crowded together; the silent nun and the complaining damsel sat side by side. There was a strange, yet natural, familiarity among them: *natural*, for it was the offspring of misery."

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"On the afternoon of the eighth we entered Alhandra, a small pretty town on the banks of the Tagus, about four leagues from Lisbon. It lay immediately in front of the right of our celebrated lines, and was occupied as a sort of advanced post by one brigade of our division, during the whole time that the French remained before them. This town, too, was deserted; and here, to our very great comfort,

we were put under cover, for the weather began to be wet, cold, and disagreeable. In this place a most strange though comfortable lodging fell to the lot of myself and my comrade. We took up our quarters in the sacristy of a church. This chamber was lofty, spacious, and gloomy: twelve figures, as large as life, the images of some departed saints, were placed in niches all round the walls: they were habited, too, in the black dresses of some monastic order; and what with the glare of their eyes, the stirring of their robes, and the faint glimmering of our lamp, they seemed almost to live and move, and frown upon us. They could not, however, repress the mirth, frighten away the appetite, or scare the slumbers of men so cheerful, so hungry, and so tired as we were. Our cloaks, I remember, and some of our blankets, were excessively damp, which might perhaps have made our night's rest somewhat uncomfortable; luckily for us, however, the priests had left the drawers in the sacristy full of their vestments; and with gay and heavy pontificals spread beneath and over us, we slept as



sound as any canon in the closes of York or Durham."

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"The day was wet and stormy, and the roads deep and heavy; but our line of march was all gaiety and animation. To follow up a retreating army is at all times amusing; but when you do so for the first time, your curiosity and pleasure are greatly excited.

"On approaching Villa Franca, our eyes were all busily engaged in marking the traces of the French. Here, to the left, was a path worn by their sentries; here, again, had lain the main body of their picquet: there, to the right, they had planted two guns; instead of sand-bags or gabions, several large painted garden tubs, with the plants that once adorned them cut away, had been piled up to form a battery. At the entrance of Villa Franca, the street was barricadoed; chests, wine-casks, and mattresses, formed the strange barrier: here, on one of the very first houses, a chalk scribble showed it had been the quarter of a company

of French grenadiers ; there had been the billet of a *chef de bataillon* ; in that neat-looking mansion with green window-shutters and unbroken windows, had lodged, as appeared by a scribble over the door, a *chef d'état major*. In short, look where you would, you saw spots that were yesterday peopled with your enemies ; men wearing a different dress, speaking a different language, and ready to fight and bleed in a different cause."

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"It was late in the evening when we arrived at Caregada, and the town was already filled with our troops, principally artillery and cavalry. The houses and stables were all occupied ; and into these last, some of our officers and men, with great difficulty, got admission. By far the greater proportion of us, however, passed this dark and dreary night in the open streets. In a town which had been for weeks deserted by its inhabitants, and so lately evacuated by an enemy, as may readily be supposed, there

was no want of dry fuel, and we made large fires, without being very scrupulous in our choice of wood; old planks, palings, doors, and window-shutters, were consumed with very little hesitation. Many of us sent to borrow chairs from those houses already occupied, and sat lounging round our fires till day-break. The scene was altogether diverting: we had no cooking, for the baggage was not up, and there was of course nothing to be had in an empty town: a little biscuit, and a draught of country wine from a soldier's wooden canteen, was my supper; and I leaned back in a chair my corporal had got for me, all cushioned with blue damask, and ornamented with gilding, and attempted, but in vain, to sleep. The continued rain kept my shoulders wet and chilly, while the blazing fire scorched my legs, so that it was impossible to preserve the same posture for five minutes. At length day came; the cavalry and artillery moved, and in a few minutes I thought myself highly fortunate to get into a room with four others: a room which had once, perhaps, been handsome and com-

fortable; but had then neither furniture, doors, or casements.

“ After enjoying the luxury of a basin of hot tea, I visited a small camp, which had been constructed by the enemy, near the town; for two brigades of French infantry had been hutted in the immediate vicinity. These huts were exceedingly neat, well-built, and arranged in a regular line, with a fine piece of ground well-cleared to the front. The huts of the officers were large, and very commodious, having many little ingenious contrivances for comfort and convenience. I was much struck by one thing I observed here, and which, no doubt, a good Catholic would have considered as a most daring and impious profanation: a French officer had torn out a large scripture painting, which had been the altar-piece of some chapel, and had spread it, with the subject outwards, over his hut; and here he had lain, sheltered from the rain by canvass, which the representation of some holy scene, or miraculous event, had rendered sacred in the eyes of the people, and before which many a knee

had been bent, and many a head bowed in reverence, for the space, perhaps, of a century before. In one small neat little bower I found lying on the ground a small Paris edition of 'St. Pierre's Studies of Nature;' it had apparently been much read, and had probably charmed and consoled the solitary hours of some amiable man, whom attachment to the profession of arms had led to march under the eagles of Napoleon. Yes, in the French army, as in all others, the good hearts far outnumber the bad; much that we hear of the ferocity and cruelties of armies is untrue, much exaggerated. It is true, that soldiers (I shall speak not of officers) have a blameable disposition to waste and destroy; but it is the heedless and mischievous wantonness of the schoolboy, not the vindictive malice of the man. Soldiers are often placed in situations, which, from their nature and their novelty, give birth to an elevation of spirits it is difficult to control. I have seen common men distributed through a suite of rooms in the empty palace of a nobleman: they have been surrounded by mirrors

and marble, and I have observed in their countenances a jocular eagerness to smash and destroy them. But this does not arise out of cruelty. No: in such a case, a soldier feels himself lifted, for a moment, above his low and ordinary condition; while the banished owner of the proud mansion, in which he lodges, appears humbled below him; and that mind must be superior to human infirmity, which did not, at such a thought, carelessly exult. But I am persuaded that the sudden appearance of the sufferer, and his weeping family, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would reproduce the generous feelings of pity and forbearance. Again, on the subject of plunder, setting aside assaults or battles, the soldier is often harassed with toil and hunger, impatient and penniless. It is the object and the end of discipline to prevent and punish plunder under circumstances like these; for it is seldom in any other that a soldier, in any army, turns marauder. But when troops are neither fed, clothed, or paid with regularity, they are tempted beyond their strength;

and the military man, who has served, learns how and when to make allowances for those disorders, which the world is ever too forward to characterise as barbarous and licentious. My opinion of the moral excellence of soldiers is very superior to that generally entertained; and I think that we should find as much virtue, and as many amiable qualities, among ten thousand soldiers, as among a similar number of individuals taken, without selection, from the bosom of civil society. It will be remarked by those who live among soldiers, that they are charitable and generous, kind to children, and fond of dumb animals; add to this, a frequent exposure to hardship, privation, and danger, makes them friendly, and ready to assist each other. Nor are they without a just and laudable pride. The worthless characters who are to be met with in every regiment (and society) are generally shunned; nor have I ever seen an expression of discontent on their countenances at the just punishment of a moral offender."

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“ I would now relate what fell under my own observation, and describe, if it be possible, my feelings on that day. We stood to our arms an hour before break of day: it was a brilliant sight, at sunrise, to see the whole of the French cavalry moving on the plain; but in a short time they retired into the wood; leaving their picquets as before. The battalion being dismissed, I breakfasted, and, immediately afterwards, set out to walk towards the Spanish troops, little dreaming, that day, of a general action. But the sound of a few shots caused me to return; and I found our line getting hastily under arms, and saw the enemy in motion. The prelude of skirmishing lasted about an hour and a half, and our division lost a few men by random gun-shot; all this time we were standing at ease, and part of it exposed to a heavy, chilling, and comfortless rain. Sounds, however, which breathed all the fierceness of battle, soon reached us; the continued rolling of musketry, accompanied by loud and repeated discharges of cannon on our extreme right, told us, convincingly, that the real attack



was in that quarter. The brigades of our division were successively called to support it. We formed in open column of companies at half distance, and moved in rapid double quick to the scene of action. I remember well, as we moved down in column, shot and shell flew over and through it in quick succession; we sustained little injury from either, but a captain of the twenty-ninth had been dreadfully lacerated by a ball, and lay directly in our path. We passed close to him, and he knew us all; and the heart-rending tone in which he called to us for water, or to kill him, I shall never forget. He lay alone, and we were in motion, and could give him no succour; for on this trying day, such of the wounded as could not walk lay unattended where they fell: — all was hurry and struggle; every arm was wanted in the field. When we arrived near the discomfited and retiring Spaniards, and formed our line to advance through them towards the enemy, a very noble-looking young Spanish officer rode up to me, and begged me, with a sort of proud and brave anxiety, to explain to

the English, that his countrymen were ordered to retire, but were not flying. Just as our line had entirely cleared the Spaniards, the smoky shroud of battle was, by the slackening of the fire, for one minute blown aside, and gave to our view the French grenadier caps, their arms, and the whole aspect of their frowning masses. It was a momentary, but a grand sight; a heavy atmosphere of smoke again enveloped us, and few objects could be discerned at all, none distinctly. The coolest and bravest soldier, if he be in the heat of it, can make no calculation of time during an engagement. Interested and animated, he marks not the flight of the hours, but he feels that

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‘ Come what come may,  
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.’

“ This murderous contest of musketry lasted long. We were the whole time progressively advancing upon and shaking the enemy. At the distance of about twenty yards from them, we received orders to charge; we had ceased

firing, cheered, and had our bayonets in the charging position, when a body of the enemy's horse was discovered under the shoulder of a rising ground, ready to take advantage of our impetuosity. Already, however, had the French infantry, alarmed by our preparatory cheers, which always indicate the charge, broken and fled, abandoning some guns and howitzers about sixty yards from us. The presence of their cavalry not permitting us to pursue, we halted and recommenced firing on them. The slaughter was now, for a few minutes, dreadful; every shot told; their officers in vain attempted to rally them; they would make no effort. Some of their artillery, indeed, took up a distant position which much annoyed our line; but we did not move, until we had expended every round of our ammunition, and then retired, in the most perfect order, to a spot sheltered from their guns, and lay down in line, ready to repulse any fresh attack with the bayonet. To describe my feelings throughout this wild scene with fidelity,

would be impossible : at intervals, a shriek or groan told that men were falling around me ; but it was not always that the tumult of the contest suffered me to catch these sounds. A constant feeling to the centre of the line, and the gradual diminution of our front, more truly bespoke the havoc of death. As we moved, though slowly, yet ever a little in advance, our own killed and wounded lay behind us ; but we arrived among those of the enemy, and those of the Spaniards who had fallen in the first onset : we trod among the dead and dying, all reckless of them. But how shall I picture the *British soldier* going into action ? He is neither heated by brandy, stimulated by the hope of plunder, or inflamed by the deadly feelings of revenge : he does not even indulge in expressions of animosity against his foes ; he moves forward, confident of victory, never dreams of the possibility of defeat, and braves death with all the accompanying horrors of laceration and torture, with the most cheerful intrepidity. Enough of joy and triumph. The

roar of the battle is hushed; the hurry of action is over; let us walk over the corpse-encumbered field. Look around, — behold thousands of slain, thousands of wounded, writhing with anguish, and groaning with agony and despair. Move a little this way, here lie four officers of the French hundredth, all corpses. Why, that boy cannot have numbered eighteen years! How beautiful, how serene a countenance! Perhaps, on the banks of the murmuring and peaceful Loire, some mother thinks anxiously of this her darling child. Here fought the third brigade; here the fusileers: how thick these heroes lie! Most of the bodies are already stripped; rank is no longer distinguished. Yes, this must have been an officer; look at the delicate whiteness of his hands, and observe on his finger the mark of his ring. What manly beauty! what a smile still plays upon his lip! He fell, perhaps, beneath his colours; died easily; he is to be envied. Here charged the Polish lancers; not long ago, the trampling of

horses, the shout, the cry, the prayer, the death-stroke, all mingled their wild sounds on this spot; it is now, but for a few fitful and stifled groans, as silent as the grave. What is this? A battered trumpet; the breath which filled, this morning, its haughty tone, has fled, perhaps, for ever. And here again, a broken lance. Is this the muscular arm that wielded it? 'Twas vigorous, and slew, perhaps, a victim on this field; it is now unnerved by death. Look at the contraction of this body, and the anguish of these features; eight times has some lance pierced this frame. Here again lie headless trunks, and bodies torn and struck down by cannon shot; such death is sudden, horrid, but 'tis merciful. Who are these that catch every moment at our coats, and cling to our feet, in such a humble attitude? The wounded soldiers of the enemy, who are imploring British protection from the exasperated and revengeful Spaniards. What a proud compliment to our country!

“ Some readers will call this scene romantic, others disgusting : no matter ; it is faithful ; and it would be well for kings, politicians, and generals, if, while they talk of victories with exultation, and of defeats with philosophical indifference, they would allow their fancies to wander to the theatre of war, and the field of carnage.”

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# **GERMANY.**



## GERMANY.

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“THE landlord came to the door, not out, and saluted us; then asked the driver, while we were descending, if we spoke German, and if we wanted dinner; which last question he repeated to us as we entered the house, and being replied to in the affirmative, he walked slowly to order it. The room was quite a picture: —several old heavy tables; long, old, black settles against the walls, and a few solid wooden chairs made to outlast many a generation of smokers. Some coarse young boors were drinking at one table, an old wayfaring man taking *ein zuppen* at another; while a third was slowly and deliberately covered with a clean white napkin for us. This the old hostess, who was engaged in the middle of the room mangling great quantities of household linen at a heavy

press of black wood, delivered to him from a countless store in which she seemed to pride herself, and then resumed her occupation with a plain unbustling air. Now, for travellers, who go to see, this kind of thing is most pleasant,—for those (and there are many) who go to make a little parade and display, it must be somewhat mortifying. Ourselves at one table, our driver at another, the old wayfaring man, the young boors, were all served with like attention of manner. Our fare was good, our wine excellent. The host said a word at one table, a “*guten appetite*” at another, and then chatted with his wife, who quietly mangled piece after piece, and looked about the room with the air that she would if a set of children were feeding before her;—acknowledged objects of her care, but to whom she did not feel responsible.

“The masters of these kind of country inns in Germany are often represented by travellers as surly, deficient in courtesy, and unwilling to accommodate. It is not impossible that some of them, having suffered not a little from

haughty exacting travellers, may intrench themselves against impertinence by a sullen demeanour, and that a few scattered individuals may here, as in all countries, be dull or brutal ; but thus, generally, to characterize the German landlord is unfaithful, and not fair. The truth is, the man feels himself the master of his own house ; he receives strangers without obsequiousness, without any very eager desire to pick their pockets, but as a plain host ready to supply their wants when made acquainted with them ; and if, while they are under his roof, he likes their manner, his own will, in some degree, warm up to it.

“ Such was the impression I received, and I found it repeatedly confirmed.

“ Go where you will in Germany the personal independence of the individual German strikes you very forcibly ; and it is, perhaps, the kind of contentment which this generates, combined with a consciousness that Germany can never be one great united nation, which renders him so indifferent to political changes, so little inclined to stir and rouse himself to

produce them. The word Father-land is indeed a talisman of acknowledged power ; it unites, for the moment, all true German hearts ; and their language, that seems not only to be printed, but to be spoken, in black letter, is another.

“ We slept at Emmendingen, where there is a good inn of the city stamp. The traveller finds comfort, cleanliness, and civility. We drove through a very beautiful country on a most pleasant morning to Friburgh. This city has a particularly bright, cheerful look, and it being market-day, and all the peasantry filling the streets in their holiday costume, the scene was very enlivening.

“ The pride of Friburgh is its cathedral. It is among the oldest in Germany. Its tower with the spire, by which it is surmounted, is five hundred and thirteen feet in height, and is said to vie for renown with that of Strasburg. Seen from below or from a distance, it certainly does not produce an effect so imposing. Moreover, the site here is unfavourable ; for hills of a bold and abrupt elevation arise too near, and such character of stately grandeur as we natu-

rally associate with loftiness is thus altogether lost. But when you ascend the tower and pass into a large hollow spire of open stone-work, wreathed and twisted as fancifully as an elegant toy might be, yet of a strength that has defied ages, you are powerfully struck with the taste of the design, with the labour, and daring of the execution. A light beautiful thing to look up through to the blue sky, and out upon the leafy hills : — a moonlight hour there would be magical. It were worth some delay to see it in the noon of a bright night, — a temple, as it were, above a temple; such as the Persian might have worshipped in; as open to the light and air of heaven as a mountain's top; a place where you almost fancy that angels might delight to gather and stand with white wings folded, and all attent for human sighs; those sighs which grateful love, when chance awakened in the still night, breathes to a God of mercy.

“ The choir of this cathedral is kept too clean; the wood-work shines with the oil and varnish of yesterday; the white and yellow

washes on the walls looked fresh ; the pictures and their frames were clean. In cathedrals I love "dusty splendour." Those words, however, stand alone for the banner-tapestried roof of some vast and glorious pile, like our Westminster-abbey. There is an university in this city. In the saloon of the inn where we breakfasted we observed several heads of the small roebuck, a game that abounds in the mountains near. The *table d'hôte* was laid for the dinner of noon ; it was a table frequented by several of the students. I noticed one napkin-holder embroidered in the fashion of our old samplers at home. Do they still exist, by the way, in dear Old England, these samplers ? are they still worked by the simple daughters of our honest farmers ? The inscription on this was, "*Ansicht in alles*,"—"Foresight in all things,"—the sensible caution of some prudent mother ; and very honourable was it to see that the young man to whom it belonged could fearlessly use it in public among his associates. I should like to have seen such a youth ; but we set



forward again before the party assembled. The fact is, that you cannot laugh *home* out of a young German's heart."

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"My companion and myself strolled slowly about the town of Schaffhausen, and among the quiet gardens in the suburbs, and at last seated ourselves on a low wall, just without the gate, close by the Rhine, at that point where its blue waters roll, in a glassy volume, over a gentle fall or break in the river's bed. Smoothly they glide, even as youth, all smiling and unwrinkled, and most gently overflow; then is their clear beauty gone, and they break in troubled foam below.

"There is no converse like social silence on such a spot; no painting, no poetry, no music, like such a scene, and such sounds. The soul is mysteriously moved, and answers to that 'ceaseless flow,' that voice eternal, with a feeling that assures to it, its own immortality.

"The next day we drove to the falls. I am told they generally disappoint travellers; what, then, do they expect? Sanguine as I am, and

much as I have seen, my expectations were surpassed. Visiting them, as we did, from Schaffhausen, our views came exactly in the order which I should, under any circumstances, prefer. For a great part of our drive we could see the waters in their ordinary flow; here, deeply blue; there, glancing green; there, feathering in the eddy: but, as they approach the rocks, their motion slackens to a calm, slow roll, with a smooth surface. For a little while you lose sight of them, but you hear them; not, however, very loud. You now enter the castle of Laufen, and, going into a small summer-house, lean from the window, and look immediately down upon the fall. Broken in its course by large fragments of rock, which rear their wet heads above the rushing waters, the Rhine angrily divides itself into five columns, two of amazing grandeur, and, bursting past these barriers, breaks in a sea of foam, and a voice of thunder, below. It is a fine thing to lean over, and feel the spray which they toss up at you, and to hear their loud and conquering rush. Next, you pass to a gallery

below, built in under the rock, and close to the great mass of the largest body of water. I went over the slippery plank, and leaned upon the rail — wet and trembling — not with fear; every thing trembles; the board you stand on, the rail which you lean upon, the trees on the nearest islet; the very rock looks unsteady as you gaze. It is impossible to stand here without experiencing the strongest, yet sweetest, emotions. There is awe sublime, and yet present confidence: you know that the waters have their bounds, which they cannot pass; the hand of Him who walked the waves, and rebuked the storm, upholds and reins them, as they leap their headlong course, and that, too, with fearful roarings, as if they lived, and could, and would, but for the God who holds them chained, and guides their mad career, devour you. You admire, but you tremble as you admire. Thus, near the bars of a new-caught lion's den, as they see him chafe, and hear his loud forest-voice, the safe crowd stand backwarder in fear. I think the Rhine-falls glorious."

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“ When I stood upon the edge of that vast and wide bed of eternal snow, wiped my hot brow beneath a scorching sun, and gathered the flower of the evergreen at my foot; when I saw, at the bottom of the glacier, the young brown river issuing forth from cavernous mouths in a deep mass of snow; and when I looked up to that ridge, which stretches from one dark mountain peak to its dark fellow, and over which this sea of ice must once have rolled into its present bed, I was moved with wonder, as if I had seen a vision. The whole of that rifted ridge seemed but one bright wall of pyramid, and obelisk, and spire, built in white snow by spirits, the ministers of Heaven; a barrier none but glorified bodies, light as the summer winds, might pass, where nothing polluted or defiled might hope to gain admittance; a place apart from our world, and the portal of a better.

“ As you tread upon the glacier, you remark that the snow, whose kindred peaks shine from above with such a dazzling transparent brightness, is beneath your feet, in many places, soiled

and discoloured; still it is snow that fell white from Heaven, and shall again haste from all defilement, and image back the sunbeam from blue and clear reflecting waters. Ah! thus, we pray and hope that it will be with the human soul. No man can look upon these scenes, none can tread this snow, which here cracks to the foot, there glistens meltingly in the hot sunbeam, and is here again broken by rude chasms and clefts, down into whose beautifully blue depths you look with trembling,—none can do this, and forget that he has with him a second self, invisible, spiritual, immortal.

“ I re-ascended the Furca, pausing at every step. What a scene it is! From one of the very loftiest ridges above me I heard a shout and a laugh. I cannot tell how very wild and fearful they sounded in that solitude: it was only the cry of some marmot hunters, whom the guide well knew; yet it shook and stirred me strangely; methought they were laughing too near Heaven.”

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“ At early dawn I was on horseback, ascending the St. Gothard, and, leaving the guide in charge of the sumpter horse that carried my baggage, I rode forward alone.

“ The ascent and passage of this mountain are inconceivably grand. The grandeur of which I speak is dark, desolate, terrific ; all is rock, granite rock, in rude and mighty masses, not impending or threatening, but lying stern and still. The hue of every thing is iron ; the sight and the sound of water alone remind you of the mercy of that Being who created the awful wilderness around.

I overtook a boy driving a laden mule alone : I talked with him awhile ; but he was in the habit of crossing the mountain thus, and partook its character,—was grave and dull, as one habitually oppressed by solitude and silence : himself and mule were the only living things I passed between the village of Hospital and the *hospice*. The sun did not shine : thin white vapours flitted about the mountain, now veiling, and now displaying to greater advantage some of the loftier and ruder points of those

rocks which surround the wild valley of the lake, at the summit of the passage: now they enveloped, now chilled me; now sailed slow away, and left me in clear and open air, a near gazer, and close watcher of the cloud.

“The circumstance of St. Gothard being then impassable for carriages, left it in possession of all that character of romance which the musing mind may have been wont, from early age, to attach to a passage of the Alps.

“As soon as you begin to descend, all that was naked and stony disappears: it is left behind; beautiful prospects open on you: the vale, into which you are moving down, is green; there are villages and foliage; trees climb all the hills, and, on the very summits, screens and patches of black fir lie disposed in the most picturesque forms, and contrast protectingly with the sheltered pastures beneath them. The sun broke out, and lighted all things. “*Buon giorno*,” said a man coming up with the broad hat, the round blue jacket, the blue breeches, the white stockings, and the large shoe-buckles of the Italian peasant. You are in Italy; the

very sound of the Tessino would tell you so; it hurries so gladly on, leaps so rejoicingly from rock to rock, and whitens, and foams, and sparkles so at its many beautiful falls.

“ The small inn at Airoli is kept by a most civil landlord: the chamber where I washed, the beds, the furniture, all Italian in fashion; while the countenances of two females of his family more particularly and more pleasingly announce Italia, the sunny and the soft, the land of warm tints and fine features.”

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“ The road is beautiful and romantic; the villages which you pass on the early part of the route bear marks of frequent suffering and devastation; and the effects of the memorable campaigns of 1796, 1797, are distinctly visible to this day. It is not until he approaches Bautzen that I consider the traveller fairly in the Tyrol. This city is situated on the rapid Eisach, and mountains of great majesty environ it. Here German is the language of the people; German is their aspect: here the varieties of



costume, which have, for centuries, marked and distinguished the inhabitants of the different valleys in this famous country, first press upon his attention. Some of the women here wear a head-dress, certainly not very becoming. It is a conical cap, of very fine dressed wool, either of a white or black colour: it looks like the softest fur or down, is expensive, and an article they take great pride in; but to the travelled eye it has a very strange appearance, and seems a more fitting head-gear for some Tartar chief, galloping on his native steppes, than for the peasant woman of these mountain vales. Others, however, of the women wear a black hat, small and round, the crown high, and nearly conical, and their long hair is rolled up behind into a glossy knot, and just shown under it. Others wear broad green hats, either of beaver, or covered with green silk, and bands of broad ribbon, of the like colour, tasselled or fringed with gilt thread. Some plait their hair in two long braids, others bind it about the head. Their corsets, their aprons, their petticoats, their stockings, are of various colours,

rustic and coarse, but producing an effect most pleasing and picturesque. The men are magnificent alike in costume and appearance: they are remarkable for their fine make, and the open fearless expression of their countenances. They wear hats, some broad, some narrow, some of green beaver, some of black, with green ribbons, or bands of black velvet, and jackets of brown, green, or black, worked with lace, and adorned, at the sleeve and waist, by frogs of red or coloured cloth. Their waistcoats are commonly red, and all the Tyrolese wear very broad green braces outside the waistcoat, as also broad belts of black leather round the middle, on which are usually worked the initial letters of the owner's name. Many of them show the knee bare, wearing only a half-stocking from the calf of the leg to the small, and put a light shoe, with a long quarter, on the naked foot.

“ I met groups of these noble-looking peasants on the walks and in the streets, and I saw a large assembly of them in the cathedral. I went into a burial-ground adjoining, where

many of both sexes were scattered among the graves, kneeling and praying, some evidently with a very deep and devout abstraction of manner. Near each monumental cross is a little vessel of holy water, as in Switzerland: there was also a large bonehouse, with skulls placed in the manner before described, and labelled. I observed a young female praying sadly before it. All the persons in the ground were bare-headed; all was solemn and silent; and when I looked up and beyond the narrow bounds of this cemetery, I saw on every side mountains."

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"The first thing which I visited in Inspruck, and the object which I could not tire of gazing on after repeated visits, is the grand cenotaph in the church of the Franciscans, to the memory of Maximilian the Emperor.

"The mausoleum itself would require, if I attempted it at all, a very minute description, and of a nature that would be tedious to the reader, without conveying the general effect to

his mind. It is raised on three steps of veined marble, on the highest of which there is a finely executed bordering in bronze of arms and trophies. In bronze, Maximilian, robed as an emperor, kneels suppliant on his tomb ; on the sides, in tablets of white Carrara marble, each of which is two feet wide by one and a half in height, are represented, in bas relief, the most remarkable actions of his life. The sculpture is exquisite, and all the scenes are represented with a fidelity at once minute and animated. But the charm and the magic of this monument arise from the remarkable circumstance of its being surrounded by a stern and silent company of colossal statues\* in bronze. The figures are male and female, persons of renown and royal birth : many of the house of Austria and in the ancestral line of Maximilian ; and others, to the stranger's eye, of a deeper and more attaching interest. There is "*Gottfried von Bouillon, König v. Irualem*," in armour, with the cross on his breast-plate, and the crown of thorns

\* That is somewhat larger than life.

upon his cap of steel. There is Theodoric, king of the Goths: Clovis of France: Philip the Good, and Charles the Bold; and it is with a start of delight that the Englishman reads on the pedestal of that one whose port and bearing are allowedly the most knightly and the most royal,—

ARTUR, KÖNIG

V. ENGLAND.

You ask not why he is here;—you gaze upon his coronetted helm with the worship of one who had lived his subject; you mount the pedestal and raise his barred visor, and look upon the still features; you grasp his gauntleted hand, and touch his sword—

(The 'massy blade  
Of magic temper'd metal made,')

with a fancy that you are daring too far, and down again in reverence to the paved aisle.

"I lingered among these forms at a second visit till it was dusk. Albrechts and Rodolphs were frowning on me in fearful armour. Queens and princesses standing solemn in large

draperies of bronze, and I happily pacing or pausing among them with a created and indulged terror; and ever as I came near '*Artur, König von England,*' the harp of Warton sounded in my ear, as it was wont to do, when as a boy it was my pastime to recite his fine 'Ode on the Grave of King Arthur.'

"In this same church lie the remains of Hofer under a plain stone, simply inscribed with his name. They were disinterred and brought from Mantua by order of the Emperor of Austria, that they might be honoured with a public funeral in the capital of Tyrol. They were received by the faithful Tyrolese with transport, and followed to the place of their present rest by the public authorities, the military, and crowds of the peasantry, who flocked down from all their mountains to grace the glorious procession. A costly monument is to be erected to the memory of this great peasant. I saw the design, and thought it cumbrous. The tomb of such a man cannot be too plain. A block of granite on a mountain's top were enough; and I would have it

on a mountain hitherto pathless: then would every footstep of the way be a trace of, and a tribute to, his fame."

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"I ascended the mountain behind Hallein, by a beautiful and easy path, amid scenery of a most peculiar and enchanting character. There is the black pine, as in Switzerland, and there is grass and pasture intermingled with the forest patches, as in that country; but yet they are differently disposed, and the verdure of the sward is of that beautiful depth which, I have been told, is so remarkable during their brief summer in Norway. As far as imagination has ever pictured to me Norwegian scenery, that of the mountain above Hallein must greatly resemble it. — Near the summit of the mountain you find a small church and a few dwellings, and, not very distant, in the face of a small cliff, is the entrance into the mine. You are taken into a small room; a light coarse dress (as of a miner), which entirely covers your own, is given to you; one stout glove, as

worn and polished as the groove of a pulley, for holding the ropes as you descend the shafts; a lighted candle is put into your hand, and, with a miner before you who does not talk, and a *domestique de place* who will if you let him, you enter the rock. Man is the rabbit here; innumerable long passages pierce the mountain in every direction: they are, for the most part, strongly lined and roofed with rough timber; but the swelling and pregnant earth does, here and there, force a way, and, between the gaping ribs and rafters, you see the rock-salt, with its veins, of a deep or bright colour: the grey and red predominate, but, occasionally, it has a fine yellow tinge, or is variegated with a dark blue. The descents, although some of them are considerable, are none formidable, or even difficult: you lie down on an inclined plank, between two smoothly-rounded spars; a rope, which is made fast, both above and below, is held lightly in the hand, and you descend with the greatest possible ease. If you lie too far back, the motion is slow and hesitating; if you lean too



far forwards, you may, and probably will, pitch upon your head: but if you hit the happy medium, 'the cord flies swiftly through your glowing hand,' and, quick as lightning, you are fathoms down below. There are two-and-thirty reservoirs at Hallein: the principal one will long be remembered by the visitor. Emerging from a narrow gallery in the rock, I came suddenly upon the edge of a small lake. A faint and lurid light gleamed upon the surface of it; some human figures, indistinctly seen as to forms or faces, further than that all were pale, stood and moved on the bank opposite. I entered a small bark with my guide, and was ferried over it. All that I had ever read of the heathen hell—of the hell that poets feign—rushed to my imagination, and my blood ran chill with an awful delight. The rock above is blackness and darkness, and glistens slimy and damp as the grave. The rock around is so thrown into shadow, as to look cavernous and sepulchral. The water is stagnant and sluggish, without a voice, without a smile: all is severe, all sad; it seems a gulf

between life and death, or, rather, between the grave and hell.

“ I lingered long here, fascinated as by some unearthly power ; I passed and repassed the gloomy water : I walked on the rocky bank there where it lay in deepest shadow ; and from the sixth book of the *Æneid* I peopled the melancholy region. All may read that book of the *Æneid* with deep profit to their souls beyond the solemn pleasure which it must afford the imagination.

‘ That angry justice form’d a dreadful hell,  
That ghosts in subterraneous regions dwell,  
That hateful Styx his muddy current rolls,  
And Charon ferries o’er embodied souls,  
Are now as tales or idle fables priz’d,  
By children question’d, and by men despis’d,  
Yet this do thou believe !’

“ Such children and such men may find that in all ages it has been easy to wound the conscience and convict human beings of sin ; and he may learn that to heal the wounded conscience was beyond the power of the wisest teachers of mankind till the soft voice of the Gospel-message was delivered.

' Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery,)  
As harbinger's before th' Almighty fly ;  
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear,  
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there !

“ A gleam of light from a black chamber in the bosom of the mine, is visible at the extremity of a gallery, that seems interminable, You take a seat with your guide on a kind of wooden horse on wheels, and are dragged with great rapidity for eight hundred yards along a narrow passage in the rock, not without an apprehension that you may be bruised against the sides of it, and, at length, emerge in safety at the bottom of the mountain, on the opposite side, and find yourself in a scene of wood and grass, lighted by the sun, and still, but the stillness of life. You hail it; your flesh and your heart leap to the vivifying influence, and you lie down upon earth's green lap, as on that of a mother.”

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“ It was dark when I reached the barrier,  
I found the very word ‘ *Englander* ’ enough :

they gave me no trouble about baggage, but received their small fee with a bow, and suffered me to drive instantly forward.

“ We proceeded, at a fast pace, through the wide street of a very long suburb, among numbers of carriages, all in rapid motion, and at last came out on a wide dark space, which separates the suburbs from the city. The city lay before me, no otherwise to be distinguished than by its numerous lights, which, as they shone up out of a blackness that completely enveloped both the walls and buildings, presented the appearance of a vast camp, or bivouac. A roll over a draw-bridge, a rattle under a gateway, a drive up one street, and a turn into a clean court-yard, and the welcoming bell and respectful servants of a well-ordered hotel, will greet the traveller who directs his driver to take him to the Archduke Charles, in the Körner Strasse. He will find comfortable apartments, civil attendance, excellent fare, *à la carte*, at any hour, in a beautiful saloon, well-behaved *domestiques de place*, and a most respectable and handsome carriage whenever

he may need one. The prices are fixed and reasonable.

“Vienna is not the city I, perhaps, expected to find it, although a very delightful place; indeed, I might have known that it could no longer be what, to the imagination of a fond reader of travels, it is so often represented. The figures in the streets of Vienna, both men and women, if I except a few of the lowest class, might walk undistinguished and unobserved down Regent Street, or through the Burlington Arcade. The journeyman tailor, the bootmaker, the hatter, and the young milliner of London, might, in the articles they respectively deal in, detect some difference in material or workmanship; but the traveller sees around him hats, coats, trowsers, boots, black stocks, and high shirt collars, such as he may have hoped that he had left behind; bonnets, ribbons, gowns, shoes, shawls, and false curls such as he has seen before. Fashions now travel faster than they were wont to do; and I think not that the very tasteful and elegant white chapeaux, so common among the

belles of Vienna at the period of my visit, had been discarded at the very time from the promenades of Paris or of London.

“As to the old story of Turks, Tartars, Greeks, Poles, Croats, Slavonians, and Hungarians, being seen everywhere in their national dresses, *it is told*, and will be repeated no more. The day for that kind of display, for that proud avowal of country and forefathers, is gone by : a solitary Turk may, perhaps, be seen scowling under his turban, near the hotel of an ambassador. The miserable Slavonian peasants do, indeed, in small groups, attract attention to their sallow cheeks, their lank and horrid hair, their coarse, and dull, and filthy garb ; and the young Hungarian hussar still dashes past you, the pelisse hanging gracefully from his shoulder, the kalpac looking noble on his head ; but for the visitors of other nations, Greek, Pole, even Tartar, they have sunk into plain, unpicturesque, *hatted* men. As a general observation, I should say the Viennese dress well.

“The aspect of Vienna, as to its streets and

buildings, is different from that which I should have expected : it is not Germanic, it is Italian ; the palaces, the public buildings, the mansions of the nobility, have the regular Italian character but are decidedly inferior to the stately edifices of Florence and of Rome. Many of the streets in the city itself, are narrow, and the houses lofty, an evidence of their age ; but yet there is nothing antique about them, or striking. Their shops, indeed, are distinguished, as our own were in the olden time, by signs, either fixed or dangling above them, or by small paintings, displaying the articles they sell. Here, over a hosier's shop, hangs a golden sheep ; there, at an apothecary's, figures Esculapius on a painted board ; while here again, upon the shutter of a chandler's shop, two flying Cupids (really very fairly executed) support between them — *a pound of tallow candles !*

“ The squares, with the exception of Joseph Platz, and that of the palace, scarce deserve the name ; the others, so called, are only open spaces, irregular in form, and appropriated to

the holding of markets, or else such areas as have been left vacant, round churches. The Graben is one of the best and busiest of these open spaces, being filled with cheerful shops, and adorned with two fountains, and a curious monument, commemorative of the plague which ravaged Vienna in 1679, and of the gratitude of the Emperor Leopold and his people when it was stayed.

“ There is one feature, however, in this city, which more than redeems the tame character of the rest : the august cathedral of St. Stephen stands lofty and alone in the midst of it. Upon its roof painted tiles glitter in the sunbeam, and seem gaudier than the adornments of so venerable a pile should be ; moreover, the taste for that style of roofing is strictly Moorish. Yet I know not, if this very thing gives it not a new and peculiar interest in the eye of the traveller, as he reflects that the Ottoman has pranced fierce before it, thirsting for its destruction. On the outside it may be said to be encumbered, but richly so, with ornamental stone-work. For my own part, I like that



lavish expenditure of material, and of labour, which the Gothic nations bestowed upon their temples. I never enter one of the vast and noble cathedrals which they erected, that my heart does not thank them. They built always with costly, uncalculating devotion for a thousand generations. The interior of St. Stephen's is grand and grave: the space and the gloom give a liberty of thought to the spiritual minded, and afford a shade, in which the mourner may pray unnoticed by the happy.

“ Prince Eugene, a name dear to the reading soldiers of all countries, reposes in this church: his tomb is in the chapel of the Holy Cross. I ascended the tower: the view is magnificent; and it is a great pleasure to see the huge bell, cast a century ago, from the cannon of the defeated Turk.

“ There is in Vienna a museum of no small interest, called the Collection Ambras, from the castle of that name in the Tyrol: it consists of old armour, old portraits, old relics, old toys, old works of art. The figures in armour are very numerous, and of renowned men;

they are disposed in many chambers, a few in each chamber, mounted, and the walls covered with arms and suits of armour. It is by far the finest exhibition of the kind I ever saw, and I am not forgetting our own line of kings, or the boy-throb with which I should still visit them. But these, although they cannot claim so high an historical interest, are kept in better order, disposed in better taste, and the whole display has a stern severity about it. These coats of mail, these helmets, these costly trappings and caparisons, glossy with their velvets, and heavy with embroidery ; these long lances, and long swords, and beside them hung the Turkey bridle and the crooked scimitar, and the captured crescent,—are things you cannot tire with gazing on. There is also a chamber with old portraits of the middle ages, and another with curiosities, such as delicate works in gold, ivory, rare shells, and precious stones, quaintly carved into toys, for the princely and the wealthy of by-gone days,—all objects of a singular interest to minds that like looking back into those ages.

“ I recollect not to have seen a beggar in Vienna. The benevolent institutions are numerous; the government interests itself greatly in the conduct of them, and the citizens pay cheerfully to support them. There are also many associations among the inhabitants for securing pensions to themselves in the season of sickness, and in the decline of life. There are not less than ten of these, of different classes. In short, although the good people eat and drink, and make their souls enjoy the good of their labour, they do certainly never forget to show some sort of gratitude to God, by the free exercise of love and charity towards their fellow-creatures. Their loyalty is excessive; the word KAISER is ever in the mouth, whether they talk, or sing; and, strange as it may sound, there certainly is, in this most despotic of all governments, such a paternal mildness, a justice, a wisdom in the administration of the laws, and in the moral rule over the people, that crimes are not very frequent, and capital punishments very rarely inflicted.

“ I saw the garrison under arms, with laurels

in their caps, on the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic. The Hungarian grenadiers are remarkably fine men. They have not that smartness under arms which the Prussians have, nor have they that animated intelligence of look which marked the old Imperial Guard of France. But they are very warlike; their stature tall, their limbs large, their complexions brown, their uniform white, the cap of sable fur, the pantaloons of a pale Hungarian blue; they are slow and steady in every movement; and, even as they marched at ease to the ground, I observed that none ever smiled. I cannot conceive these men flying in battle; I doubt if they ever have been driven, — they have stood, and died where they stood. The regiment of Austrian grenadiers which paraded by their side was a very fine body of men, but greatly inferior to the Hungarians. A squadron of Hungarian hussars disappointed me; but they ride beautifully, and look bitter, and ready for the *melée*. That, however, does not excuse neglect of cleanliness; and, to make all worse, their clothing was old and worn out. Some of the

young officers were most brilliant in their appearance, and made those *demi voltes* in air which the Hun should make. The finest cavalry I saw in Austria, although there were none on the ground this day, are the cuirassiers. The white dress, the black cuirass, the scaled helmet, the high boot, the long sword, and the broad, brave, clean-looking dragoons themselves, and their strong and well-conditioned horses, I shall long remember. The dress of the Austrian artillery is painfully unmartial, but the men, taken as a body, are, perhaps, as fine looking soldiers as any nation can boast. Their uniform is a rhubarb coloured drab jacket, of a long awkward shape, with red cuff and collar, and they wear a round hat, with the flap on one side looped up, and a dark feather. The conduct of these men, wherever I saw them, appeared to me most excellent. There are many peculiarities in costume in the Austrian army, which, till the eye is familiar with them, offend the taste. Their generals, for example, are distinguished by red breeches. Now, inexpressibles of this colour are so closely

associated in the mind of an Englishman with those liveries, which many servants will not even engage to wear, but in which the fat servants of some old families must still be content to appear, that we really cannot keep our countenances, or look upon these worthy leaders with the grave respect which is their due. The Austrian army is certainly a very fine one; and again, as among the Prussians, the stranger asks himself, how came the French so continually to defeat them? it must have astonished the French themselves. The Austrian officer, who discharges his duty with zeal and intrepidity, may nevertheless linger away life without distinction: here, perhaps, is one reason. Yet, when we reflect how nobly on many occasions the troops of Austria have behaved, although so few incentives are furnished to their ambition, we must feel increased respect for the character of the Austrian soldiery. There is a peculiar love to the profession of arms common, in a greater or less degree, to all Germans, both north and south. They love the steed and the sabre, the rifle and

the powder-horn. They love the sound of the trumpet and the echo of the bugle. They like that strange uncertainty of life which takes away all anxious care about any other provision than for the passing day. They delight in the excitement of the march ; and, if the pipe, and the flute, and the pencil, are in their tent, they feel the camp a home. As lovers, too, they object not to that hurried life which strengthens and refines a virtuous attachment, making the object of it a vision sweet and sacred for those lonely hours, which, even amid the tumults of a campaign, the soldier can always command."

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"It is but forty miles from Vienna to Presburg ; but if the traveller will only walk, at an early hour, to the large upper market, he may fancy himself four hundred from any spot so civilised. There is an abundant supply of provisions of all sorts ; but they are all clumsily and coarsely displayed ; there is no attempt at

disposing them to advantage, or invitingly: the women behind the heaps, or stalls, are ill clad, masculine, and unclean. The Hungarian peasant has a thick, stout, blue jacket, a strong, heavy, shapeless boot, uncombed hair, and a broad-brimmed hat with a low round crown. Mixed with these, in very large numbers, are the Sclavonian peasants; and, not the least remarkable feature in the scene, on a wide dusty space near the market, stand some hundreds of rude waggons, drawn by small wild-looking horses. It is impossible that, in the day when the Roman made war in Illyria, the Sclavonian peasant could have been in garb, in aspect, in manners, more completely the barbarian than to the eye he still seems; nor could the waggon in a Scythian camp have been a ruder thing than any of those still crowded together in the markets at Presburg. Yet they dance, these wretched peasants! When a few paltry pence were given them, at the door of an hotel, for some labour they had performed, they danced, shook their matted



locks, and lifted their heavy feet, and showed their white teeth, and sung something too wild to be called a song !

“ It is not exactly in passing from a scene like this that the traveller is prepared to be very much enraptured with the *free Diet* of Hungary. In the hall, however, of the Hungarian Deputies, it is impossible not to feel a momentary delight: the picture is so new and so startling. I sat in the gallery, whither I went at an early hour; but it was filled to suffocation before the members took their seats.

“ The hall is nothing remarkable, merely a long, lofty chamber. A chair is raised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables run the whole length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly with materials for writing. Immediately below, and to the right of the president, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in this assembly. The rest of the members, and there appeared to be more than

three hundred present, wore the national dress of Hungary. It consists of a hussar jacket and pantaloons, of brown cloth, and a hussar boot. The ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike, and becoming. A very few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and a few more wore a tassel of gold bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The reason of this difference I learned to be, that some were actually in the military service; and the tassel and cord of others were little vain additions, which men, dandified by residence in Vienna, had ventured to assume: but nothing could be more plain, or in better taste, than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh; and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the kalpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which when, in former times, the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion. It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly,

the descendants of a race of warriors ever ready to leap into their saddles,—in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk.

“The debate was carried on in Latin: numbers spoke, and, in general, they had a ready and fluent command of language, and a very animated and manly delivery. Few of their speeches were more than ten minutes in length, and the greater part still shorter. It is true that, as it has seldom fallen to my lot to hear Latin spoken since, as a youth, I listened to declamations, I cannot pretend to speak to the classical correctness of expressions, or the construction of sentences; but thus far I can say, it was not a bald, meagre, thin Latin; and many of the sentences fell richly rounded on my ear. There was one churchman, an abbot (I think), who spoke rapidly, bitterly, and very well; and there was an elderly deputy with grey hairs, who replied to him most eloquently, with a fire and a freedom that surprised me. I could not get fully at the subject, but it was some question connected with a tax that had been imposed, under the late viceroy, on salt, and that was

felt and complained of by the people. This fine old Hungarian, in the course of his speech, dwelt proudly upon the ancient privileges of his country, and complained that the spirit of them had been greatly invaded during the late lieutenancy. His loyal expressions towards the person and family of the Emperor were warm, and seemed to be sincere; but he returned, quite as bitterly, to his attack on the measure on which he sought to impeach the minister; and, in one part, where he was more particularly pleading the cause of the people, he cried out, with animation, '*Vox populi, Vox Dei!*' It electrified the whole assembly. There were many loud '*Vivats!*' not only among the deputies themselves, but also from almost all the persons in the gallery.

"For a brief moment I might have fancied myself in a free assembly; but the calm, complacent smile upon the features of a keen-looking president, who is the representative of the crown, reminded me that there was a bridle upon the Hungarian steed, and, although he is suffered to prance loftily in pride and beauty,

and to fancy as he gallops that he is running far and away, his rider sits laughingly at ease in the saddle, and knows better.

“The illusion is still more completely dissipated at the doors of this assembly; no fiery horses stand saddled and neighing for their masters, but a long row of mean open carriages, each, however, with a hussar behind them, wait tamely in the street, and such of the spurred members as have one get slowly into it, loll indolently back, and are driven to their lodgings.”

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“I must not leave Vienna without mention of the church and convent of the Capuchins, where, in a low dark vault, lie the remains of all the Imperial house of Austria, from the days of the Emperor Matthias. The coffins are very large, and of bronze; those of the earliest date perfectly plain, others wrought with trophies and achievements. A Capuchin lights a taper, and conducts you round them: he tells the tale of each in monkish Latin, and with a monkish tone; and, at the frequent

pause, he rings his knuckle on each bronze chest, as if the bones within could confirmingly reply. The largest, most decorated, and stately of these (indeed it is a tomb, and not a mere coffin,) is that of Maria Theresa. He tells you how she caused it to be erected during her life, and how she was wont to visit and descend into this vault, and pass long hours in it alone, in prayer and meditation. Madame de Stael has finely observed upon this: — ‘ *Il y a beaucoup d'exemples d'une dévotion sérieuse et constante parmi les souverains de la terre : comme ils n'obéissent qu'à la mort, son irrésistible pouvoir les frappe davantage. Les difficultés de la vie se placent entre nous et la tombe ; tout est aplani pour les rois jusqu'au terme, et cela même le rend plus visible à leurs yeux.*’

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“ The name of the place where I had dined was Lowositz, and the hill up which I walked overlooked and formed part of a field, memorable for a very bloody victory, gained by the Prussians over a Saxon army in 1756.

“ The bright sun of a still afternoon, late in the autumn, was shining mildly over every object. In a vineyard on the slope they were engaged in carrying the last of the vintage, and I met a party of itinerant musicians coming slowly down the hill, consisting of two elderly men, a boy, and five women, bearing harps. They stopped at my request: the women took the covers from their harps, and they played and sang for me, with a harmony and a feeling I have often listened for in drawing-rooms in vain. Pleased with my evident contentment, they regaled me for more than a quarter of an hour, “ *con amore*,” and sent me forward with such a stock of happiness for the rest of the day as sweet sounds do always give us. These poor women were brown, and weather-beaten as gipsies, yet there was a touch, a turn, a tone of tenderness in every movement which they played, in every air they sang. Bohemia is the land of music. The children in the villages are taught at school to read the notes of music, like the letters of their alphabet; and

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music, where it is not an occupation, is yet the solace of each poor man's life."

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"Dresden I entered by night. There is nothing of the stir or bustle of a capital about it; few carriages are rattling on the stones, but the streets and buildings have regularity, and space, and height, which promise well to the stranger, and he will not be disappointed.

"Every visitor is pleased with the city of Dresden. It is not that the churches are remarkable, or that the palaces are stately, although the dome of the mother-church and the lofty tower of the palace are very striking objects; but it is, that there is a general air of freshness, and cleanness, and brightness, all about the city; that a noble river rolls past it, spanned by a very fine bridge; that there are two spacious squares or market-places, which have an aspect peculiar and quite their own. For, though many travellers have styled Dresden the Florence of Germany, the white mansions



and regular façades of Florence, and the red fronts, the forms and shapes of the windows, and of the gables, and house-tops, in Dresden, stamp the cities as widely dissimilar. There is, indeed, one point where a comparison, though not a close one, is allowable: Dresden has its Gallery of Paintings, and Hall of Antiquities; and, if Florence can boast her Medicean Venus, the capital of Saxony, rich in the possession of the very finest Madonna ever conceived or painted by Raphael, may, like that city of the arts, ensure the pilgrimage of all worshippers of genius to her gates.

“ The form, the light and airy tread upon the cloud, the grace of her long and flowing garments, the simple and lightly-folded mantle on her head, out of which looks forth a face of sacred innocence, give to this Virgin an air and an aspect that do largely speak of her high and blessed office. The Infant on her arm seems the mysterious Thing it was: it looks not like any child that was, or will be: its hair sits off from its young forehead; and thought, and sorrow, and grief, seem taking there their

early seat, and looking gravely from its young eyes. St. Sixtus, an aged and withered figure, kneels in solemn wonder, and imploring adoration, with an intent and upward gaze. Santa Barbara, who has the youth, the beauty, the uncovered hair, the garments of woman as she is in high-born circles, bends her young head to earth as if in sweet rapture, yet subdued with awe. But earth has given the model of this Madonna: this is no face of the poet's dream, no face to search for in kings' palaces: it is peasant beauty,—the beauty of a lowly being,—the beauty of innocent thoughts, of hallowed lips, of modesty that grows in the still hamlet, and that the heart's throb acknowledges for something to be loved and worshipped, as above us, far above us, nigher to heaven than earth. Such is to me the character of Raphael's Madonna: it is the lowly handmaiden, the espoused Virgin, chosen to be the mother of a Holy Thing, blessed among women! It is, at once, all that we should call the ideal of glorified mortality, and all that we know to be real on our earth among those

human flowers which blush unseen in quiet places.

“The cherub forms below, of themselves miraculous performances, give the finest possible idea of the angelic mind,—infant in innocence, mighty in comprehension. One rests his head upon his little hand, the other reposes his cheek upon his folded arms; but oh! how deeply, sadly serious, is their gaze! No earthly mind is looking from those eyes; they have desired to look into the mystery, and they have been permitted so to do. They see that the Child in the Virgin’s arms is to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; that he is the Lamb of God, the Redeemer of mankind: wonder, love, and faith, are in their looks. The life and death of Christ, unfolded to their prescient eyes, fill them with compassion; and there is a something, too, of mourning for man,—the unbelieving and the scorner:—‘If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.’

“ I never saw any picture in my life so heavenly, so hallowed in its conception as this. This is the true Scripture Virgin, as the meditative Christian might conceive of her,—blessed among, and before, all women ; but still, woman only.

“ In the armoury of Dresden you may see and grasp the pistols of Charles the Twelfth. There be few English visitors on whose minds the life, the history, and the fate of this heromarch are not indelibly stamped, by the nervous lines of Johnson. This armoury of Dresden would be a most interesting display, were not the rooms so small, and the arrangement so wretched, that it is impossible to examine its contents. Here you may hold in your hand the first instrument on which an experiment was made with the newly-invented gunpowder of Schwartz. Here you may see countless suits of ancient armour, and the most splendid horse-furniture among them ; the caparison of a horse so costly, that the frontlet, head-stall, neck-ornaments, and breast-plate, are entirely studded with large and beau-

tiful turquoises. There are a number of relics of like interest; things that are mere nothings in description, but are much to see. The like may be said of the treasures in the Green Vault; it is a great and rare pleasure to visit them:—crowns and regalia, rich with the most costly gems; ancient services of massive embossed plate; goblets and vases of antique forms; precious enamels; inlaid cabinets; the finest camei; quaint and grotesque toys, made of the coral and the pearl, the topaz and the emerald. Many articles of *virtù*, of the most curious and ancient workmanship; and some works in ivory, so beautifully carved in relief, that the infant bacchanal, the fair full form of woman, and the withered lines of age, are given with a grace, a truth, and life, which astonish and delight. I am sure I lingered an hour, at least, in the small chamber where the articles in ivory are exhibited. Many of them are the outsides of goblets, these being lined with a thin plate of gold. There is no catalogue of the contents of this vault, and the objects to be viewed are so numerous and bewildering,

that it is impossible, at one visit, to make notes, or to separate and fix in your mind the things which you may be desirous to remember: but the effect, as a whole, is long thought of, and illustrates for the curious fancy periods that have passed away. The hall of the throne, the cavalcade of the court, the board of the feast, the chamber, the cabinet of other days, is furnished out from a treasury like this, and you gaze undoubtedly on the past."

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"I was present in the great church of Leipsic at the administration of the sacrament. The communicants stood in long files, and advanced reverentially towards the altar; they received the holy elements standing, and passing round the altar, again rejoined the congregation. The congregation, whether composed of those who were about to communicate, or had done so, or of those who merely assisted at the ceremony, sang a hymn or hymns throughout the whole service. After deducting largely for the effect produced on me by the sweet and solemn singing of this assembled multitude, and by the black skull-cap, the ancient ruffs,

(like those of our Elizabethan era,) and the reverend aspect of the officiating ministers, I certainly was impressed, and that strongly, with the feeling and sincere devotion of the communicants. We kneel at the altar, another church sits at the communion-table, these stand and sing a hymn: we all do it in remembrance that Christ died for us, and he knows in all these congregations those who are his, those who feed on Him in their hearts with thanks-giving."

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"I went into the church of the court and the garrison, to see the tomb of Frederick the Great. It is in a kind of cell or chamber,—plain black marble, unadorned. I had thought, and I have for these twenty years, that the inscription on his tomb was, '*Hic Cineres, ubique Fama;*' but I did not find any thing save his name. However, his fame is every where; and it would seem that the Prussians are content to live on it, for it is ever in their mouths; it is all Frederick *le Grand*. The history, the ancestral dignity, the military renown of Prussia, centre in his name.

*Sans Souci* is a strange name for a palace;

yet here, whatever freedom from care Frederick could know, he enjoyed. It is a most sensible building, combining the comforts of a private dwelling, and the magnificent appendages of a royal residence. Nothing can be more quiet, more simple, indeed, even to a tasteless plainness, than the apartments of the king. Nothing can be more luxurious than the splendid double portico; and a finer gallery for the display of his well-chosen collection of pictures could hardly have been desired. He had a small, still, circular study, filled with his favourite authors,—a shady walk in his garden for the thoughtful hour. The graves of his dogs, the only favourites he had the weakness to affect a fondness for, were close to his terrace; and he was within sound of the parade horn, a circumstance as important to him as to the youngest subaltern in his guards.

“ Was he a happy man this Frederick? I could never think so: he was coldly great: severely just in his internal government, but to this his sense of justice was strangely limited. History refuses the title (and a sacred one it is) of *Just*, to the partitioner of Poland. Was he



happy? — the man who smiled at religion, smiled at virtue, smiled before a battle, and smiled on the carnage-covered field! I think not; but he made Prussia a kingdom, gave her promotion in the scale of nations, and she naturally reveres his memory as her greatest benefactor.

“The anecdotes of his private life have a great charm for readers, especially the young, and are more familiar, indeed, to the biography-devouring boy than to the older man. We most of us remember when we thought him the greatest character that ever lived; to have such power, and to live simply, as though he had it not, sounded so noble! — but all this I regard as mere taste, a good one, perhaps, yet nothing but the strong bent of his will and inclination. He had a quick and restless mind, which fretted with impatience under a want of occupation; and hence these methodical divisions of his day, and his hurrying from business to amusements, which were pursued with the like eagerness for the allotted time. The portrait of Gustavus Adolphus hangs in his bed-room, — a hero of another and a nobler quality: but Frederick was the more wonderful man; and

it is felt as a privilege to walk about where he did, open the books in which he read, sit in his chair, look from his window, and touch the small chamber-clock, which, they tell you, has never again been wound up since the hour of his death.

“ No traveller fails to visit the chamber appropriated to Voltaire, while he resided with the King. It is remote, that is, nearly at the extremity of the building, and furnished in the commonest French taste of that day, — a strange mixture of tawdriness and meanness. Voltaire is one of those great geniuses, to whom Providence has denied that best, that only, that pure fame, the love of posterity. I never heard the most extravagant admirer of Voltaire pretend any affection for the personal character of the author. He never succeeded in attaching the heart of a reader : he was just the man for Frederick, who looked only to the head in others, and thought only of the head in his own person.

“ His Gallery of Paintings was a noble one. There are so many ways of choosing, enjoying, and speaking about paintings, that we

must understand what the possessor's peculiar taste was, before we give him the credit of the collection. The Vertumnus and Pomona of Leonardo da Vinci, the 'Ecce Homo' of Raphael, the Sleeping Venus of Titian, are considered the three master-pieces of this gallery. Nothing can be more opposed, each to the other, in subject as in style, than these three paintings. For my own part, I confess that I gazed with much higher satisfaction on some of the wonderful conceptions of Rubens, and some of the very hallowed and pure productions of Vandyke. The Isaac blessing Jacob, of this last painter, is a perfect picture; and there is a pendant to it by an artist, whose name has dropped out of my mind, of Isaac blessing Esau, of which the affecting expression is such that the quick judgment of the heart at once pronounces it a treasure. The new palace is a fine building, and exactly adapted for summer fêtes. I cannot myself admire the hall, the walls of which are encrusted with spars and crystals. This strange mosaic is to me intolerable by the light of day, in a spacious and lofty saloon; it suits only

with the shaded grotto, hollowed beneath the rock. The apartments are richly furnished,—and it is altogether a princely pleasure-house.”

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“ It is only four German miles from Potsdam to Berlin. I drove through long, strait, uniform streets, intersected at right angles by others of like appearance. I crossed some portion of the city that had rather a graver and older (but never ancient) aspect, passed the great palace, crossed a bridge, and found myself in a most noble imposing street, between the finest and most majestic public edifices of this capital. The Brandenburg gate, by which this fine street is entered from the west, is a very grand object ; it is an imitation of the Propylæum of Athens, and is surmounted by a triumphal car, drawn by four spirited horses, the Goddess of Victory standing erect in the chariot, and displaying the dark eagle of Prussia. Extending about half the length of this wide street is a spacious promenade, planted with lime-trees and horse-chesnuts. This splendid quarter of Berlin is called from the size and beauty of the former, *Unter den Linden*.

“There is a woman's grave near Berlin, which all travellers do fondly and reverently visit. None needs to be informed of the life, the fortunes, and the fate of the late and beloved Queen of Prussia,—beloved, not only by a devoted husband, but by an entire people, who respected her pure example, as a wife and a mother, and adored her patriot spirit as their queen.

“This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh. Acquainted with it by no previous description, I left the palace of Charlottenburgh, and walked down the garden alone, the person in attendance having pointed out the direction, and promising to follow with the key. It was not without surprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric temple. I might, and should, have deemed it a mere adornment of the grounds,—a spot sacred to silence, or the soft-breathed song; but the cypress and the willow declare it as a habitation of the dead. There was an aged invalid busily occupied about the portal, in sweeping away the dead and yellow leaves, which gathered there, and which the November blast, in mockery of his vain labour, drove back upon

it, in larger and louder eddies. He shook his grey head at me, and, not seeing any body with me, warned me petulantly away. Nay, when the guardian came, it might be fancy, but he seemed ill pleased that the sanctuary should be violated. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet; and the outline of a human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. It seemed as though he removed a winding-sheet, to show a beloved corse, when the person with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his queen. It is recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance,—not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing can be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The hands are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show the repose of life. She does but sleep,—she scarce sleeps;—her mind and heart are on her sweet lips.”

THE END.

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